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Saturday Review

August 2, 1969 50¢

THE EYE OF EISENSTAEDT

by Margaret R. Weiss

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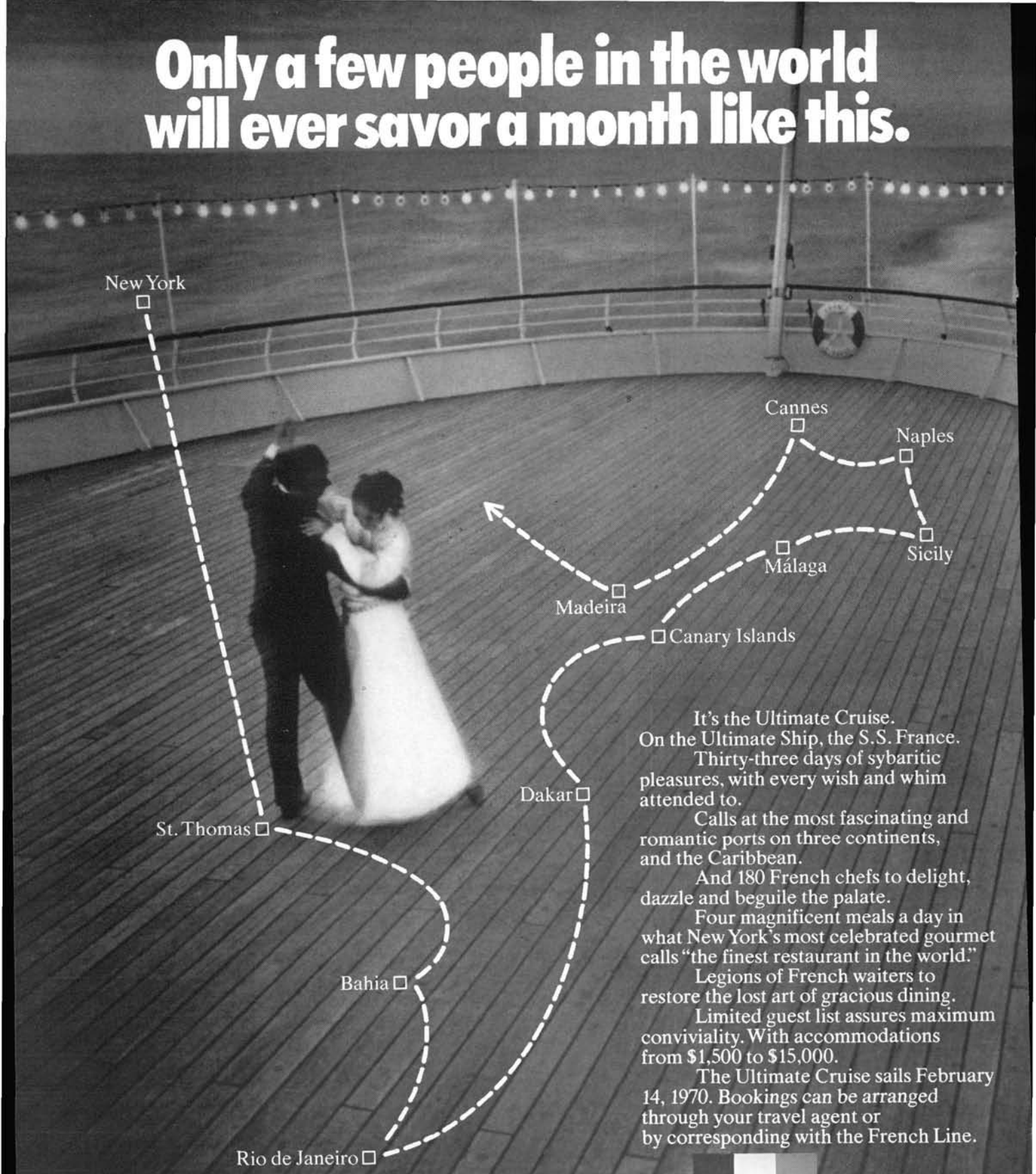

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The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill *by* RALPH G. MARTIN
Photographs
(Ret. price $8.95)

111. ERNEST HEMINGWAY
A Life Story *by* CARLOS BAKER
Photographs
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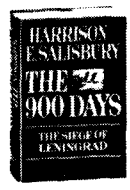

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Photographs *by* GAY TALESE
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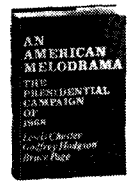

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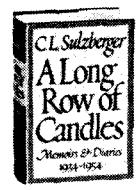

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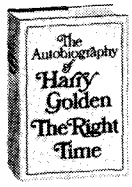

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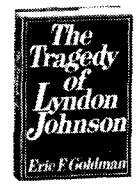

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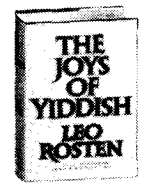

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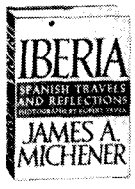

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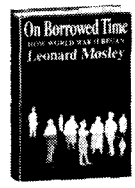

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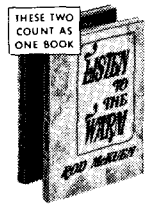

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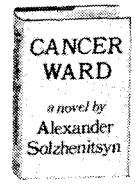

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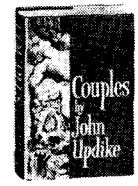

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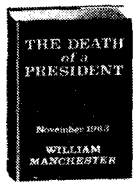

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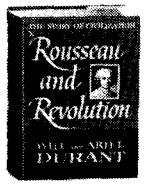

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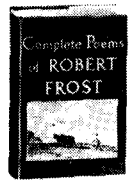

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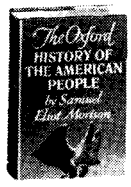

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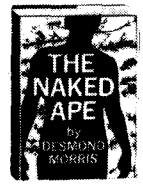

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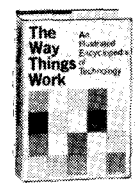

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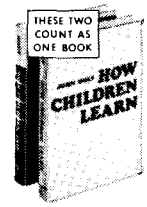

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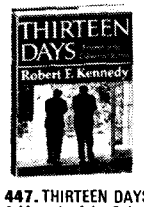

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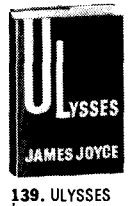

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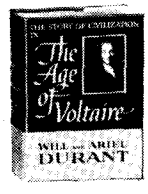

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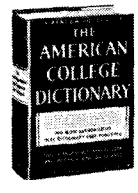

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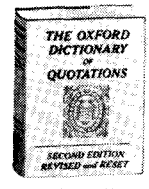

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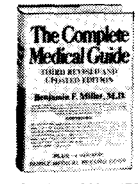

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I had just come back from one of those fat literary lunches, where a requiem for all fiction had once more been intoned, when I met Gugusse. His nondescript person detached itself from a faceless crowd, long arms swinging a plastic bucket with a sponge, and I saw a starveling whose unassuaged hunger rebuked me. I met Gugusse in a manuscript named THE TIMID ADVENTURES OF A WINDOW WASHER and began to eavesdrop on his life with a sense of intimacy bordering on guilt. But guilt was insufficient to deter my invasion of his privacy to the last pitiful line. Perhaps it was less an invasion than I care to admit. Why, in this comic, tragic, Gallic creature, did I catch random glimpses of myself?

Somewhere later in the afternoon, I observed that Gugusse's creator, Georges Michel, had been recommended to our attention by the enthusiasm of Jean-Paul Sartre. Sartre says: "Georges Michel is important because he writes about the common man . . . his work goes beyond all our contemporary middle-class pretensions, because it is authentic and good . . ." More in this vein will be said. (Jack Kroll just wrote in *Newsweek*: "Michel has written a sharp, true book that has the precise, palpable temperature of a real human body.") I considered putting in a telephone call to Monsieur Michel in Paris, France, to congratulate him but was advised that he would probably be working at his regular job mending watches.

Muttering that rumors of the death of fiction are, as ever, grossly exaggerated, I made my way to the subway station. I found that I was peering into the faces of passers-by with a heightened sensibility and my sympathies were flowing through the usual crowd like a warm tide. Having gained the change booth, which had never been anything to me but a disembodied hand shoving out a token, I had to restrain myself from staring through the bars at the unknown face and inquiring: "Gugusse?"

I thought I'd never get home.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

THE TIMID ADVENTURES OF A WINDOW WASHER ($4.95), by George Michel, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any Doubleday Book Shop, one which is located at 744 White Plains Road, Scarsdale, New York 10583.

August 2, 1969

Saturday Review

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by Margaret R. Weiss

Cover: Edible gill fungus mycenz in Rain Forest, Surinam, photographed by Alfred Eisenstaedt (Life)

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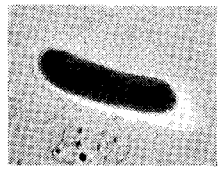
Kodak

Sara and her bacillus

A great corporation selects its technical objectives, mobilizes its scientists, and presses inexorably forward on the strength of their magnificently disciplined, deftly harnessed brains. Yes, it does.

Except that sometimes a little outside assistance is required.

Let us cite a typical triumph scored in the Kodak Research Laboratories. Though film and cameras have been around for a long time, photography manages to maintain its robust growth in the economy. That growth induces chemico-economic visions based on a certain chemical called "tris acid" by those familiar with it. It has been too expensive and too dangerous to make on the scale we need. No longer so. This bacillus, we now know, can manufacture it from pentaerythritol, a chemical compound not known to occur in nature but rather easily synthesized.



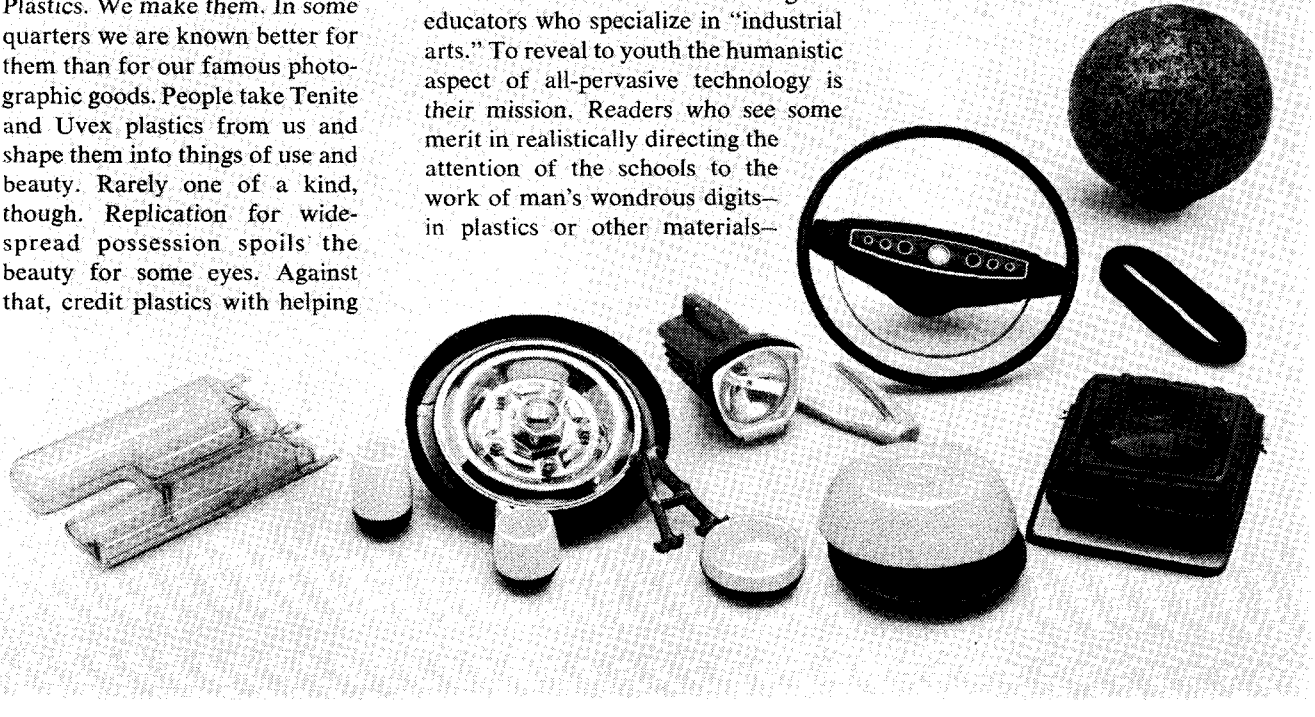
To find such a bacillus capable of eating this artificial stuff had been the tough task of our Dr. Charlie Goodhue and our Dr. Jim Schaeffer. Many months went by with no luck until Charlie thought to ask his 9-year-old daughter Sara to put on her boots and fetch a jar of mud from the little creek behind his house. That did it.

In Sara's jar was a bacillus that really did eat pentaerythritol. Charlie and Jim enslaved its descendants, who, being naturally highly prone to mutation, were taught in only a couple of years to chew pentaerythritol down only as far as tris acid and then give it all back, while subsisting on nothing but cheap acetic acid.

Humanism in plastic

Plastics. We make them. In some quarters we are known better for them than for our famous photographic goods. People take Tenite and Uvex plastics from us and shape them into things of use and beauty. Rarely one of a kind, though. Replication for widespread possession spoils the beauty for some eyes. Against that, credit plastics with helping keep pride in the making of something serviceable and tangible for one's living. Use of tools more sophisticated than hammer and chisel need not diminish the pride.

That man's hand is an extension of his mind is a basic belief among the educators who specialize in "industrial arts." To reveal to youth the humanistic aspect of all-pervasive technology is their mission. Readers who see some merit in realistically directing the attention of the schools to the work of man's wondrous digits—in plastics or other materials—can get a steer from the professional organization of teachers known as the American Industrial Arts Association, 1201 16th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20036.



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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

A Business That Went Sour

THESE DAYS nobody seems able, or willing, to live within his income. A salary check, minus five or six substantial withholdings, needs a substantial plus to meet the high cost of living it up.

To afford the luxuries, a lot of us are scurrying about to find extra jobs to eke out a few extra dollars which in turn aren't eking out as luxuriously as they used to eke out. Moonlighting has become a way of life.

It's all legal and acceptable, unless he's a man in high public office, and he writes a book, gives a lecture, or even shellacs a hit record. For him moonlighting often leads to investigation and public embarrassment. He could get badly burned.

Moonlighting is old stuff. I can tell it like it was, if you don't mind my turning the clock back to the time when I was eleven, which I woefully admit will take a lot of turning back. Got a minute?

At that age I was a movie buff, always in need of some extra income for the flicks. But my parents had me restrained to one movie a week. They maintained that I was already overentertained, what with my stereoptican slides of Niagara Falls, in 3D and living sepia.

Ruminating on how to augment a starvation allowance, it came to me on a hot summer's day to moonlight. I discussed it with three colleagues—two boys and a girl similarly financially embarrassed. We decided to build a lemonade stand.

We envisioned untold wealth. And it would be better left untold, but in the interest of helping a fellow moonlighter, I'll tell it. I can't remember what I had for lunch today, but I have total recall of this misbegotten venture.

Building the stand was easy. An orange crate was our store, and on a tree we hung a crayoned sign that read LEMONADE 1¢ A GLASS. There was a question whether there were two "m's" in lemonade or one. This was quickly and correctly solved when it became obvious the width of our cardboard would not accommodate the extra "m."

The stand finished, things got a little complicated. If you're going to have a sign that says you see lemonade at 1¢ a glass, you darned well better have a bowl of lemonade and glasses. My associates voted three to one that I supply the stuff.

I sneaked into the house and returned with two lemons, a crystal punch bowl, and three of the six matching crystal glasses that my mother treasured as a keepsake from her mother. I was warmly applauded by my co-owners.

Dusk fell quickly in those days, and by the time we were ready to do business, night had fallen. There was not even any moon for this moonlight caper. I got two candles. Another crisis—we needed matches. None of us was permitted to touch matches.

And at this point our first small customer toddled over. She asked for lemonade. I poured it and she drank it down.

"That'll be one cent," I said.

"I haven't got any money," she replied.

"You saw our sign," I remonstrated. "It says one cent."

"I can't read," she replied.

"How'd you know it was lemonade?"

"I can read 'lemonade.'"

I could see she was not going to be our favorite customer.

"Listen," I said, "you don't have to pay for the lemonade if you bring us a match."

She brought us a match. And she must have told every kid in the neighborhood we were giving away free drinks for matches. They came from everywhere.

What can I tell you? On that one bowl of lemonade we took in twenty-six matches. And, oh yes, in that melee the crystal bowl was cracked.

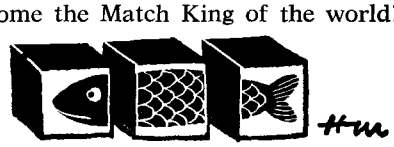
What an investigation that started! What public embarrassment I suffered as my father pronounced: "No more movies for you for the next six weeks"; he meted out "one week for the bowl, one for the lemons, one for the sugar, one for the candles, one for the ice, and one for spelling lemonade with one 'm.'"

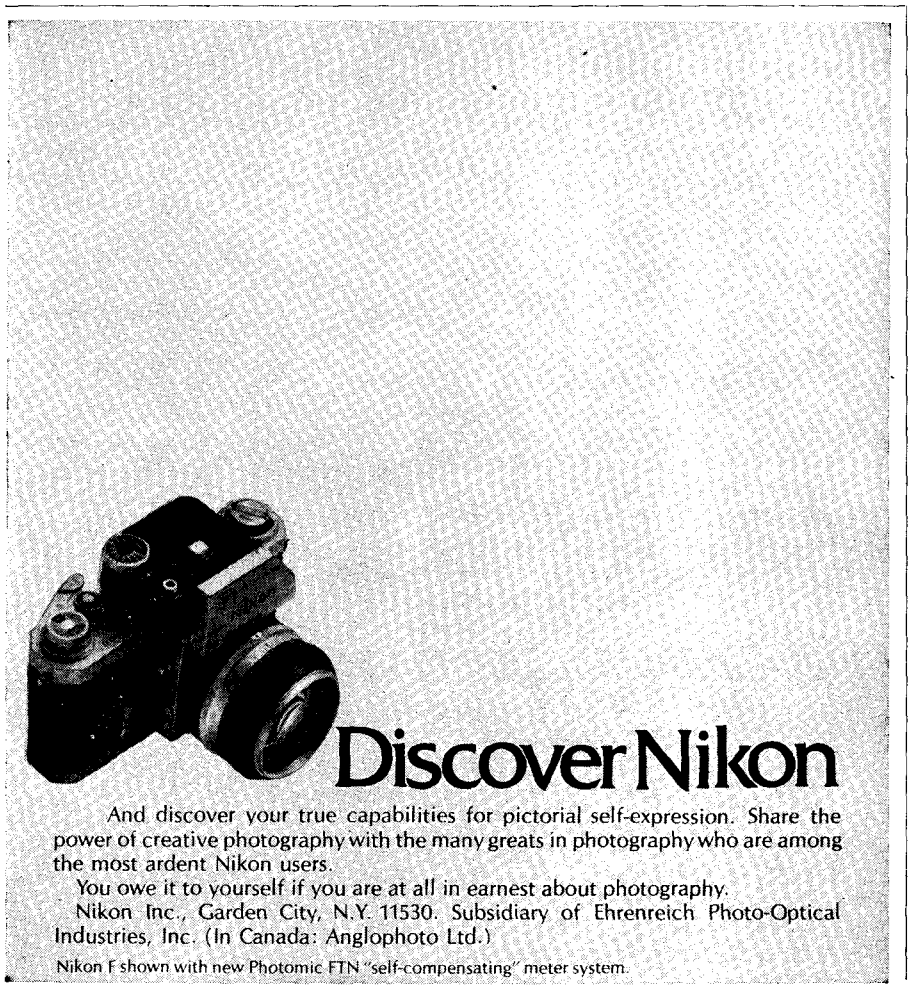
"But it *is* only one 'm,'" I argued, suddenly remembering my spelling.

I got a seventh week for arguing.

That's what I've been trying to tell you. No matter what the rewards, moonlighting is playing with matches.

Although down through the years, as I have sat wearily typing out pieces like this, I've often asked myself, "If my father hadn't put me out of the lemonade business, could I have become the Match King of the world?"

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Unfair to Feet

Mistreated feet can make you grouchy. Feet cause a big percentage of avoidable man and woman hours of suffering in the world.—Dr. Abe Rubin in a news story.

TWO DECADES AGO it was estimated that U. S. industry lost $100 million a year in man-hours because of foot ills. However, this cannot be a dead loss, because it is now estimated that Americans spend about $350 million a year for arch supports, lifts, plaster pads, and corrective shoes. In any case, industry has really nothing to complain about when you consider what your feet have to stand under.

If you are an average male with an average job, your feet carry you seven-and-a-half miles a day and take a pounding of more than 1,000 tons daily. In a lifetime, the average American walks about 65,000 miles, or enough distance to take him back and forth across the U.S. twenty-six times. As if that is not enough punishment, feet are subject to rubbing, scuffing, scraping, and kicks, as well as being exposed to the elements—rain, snow, heat, and cold. Daily friction builds up heat inside shoes, and flexing averages well over 100,000 times a month.

As usual in the area of statistics the female of the species outdoes the male. If you are a woman around the house, in one day, just doing household chores you walk roughly ten miles and give your feet 1,500 tons of jolts! Researchers remind us that women's feet change in size from time to time, and the change should be noted when buying footwear. No doubt shoe salesmen often note this phenomenon when their lady customers' feet go from size 5AAA to 6½C in the course of a few minutes when trying on shoes.

The fascinating facts about the foot itself are almost guaranteed to take your mind off the troubles of the world. For instance, did you know that each foot contains twenty-six bones, intricately linked through thirty-three joints, and lashed together with ligaments? The heel sits solidly on the ground with the other six-dovetailed metatarsals arching in front of it. These tarsals meet with five long metatarsals whose heads form the ball of the foot. The heel and the metatarsal heads are the weight bearers, the five toes are the launching pads; in short, the foot is "a structural masterpiece unexcelled in design and durability."

Surely this part of the body which bears up under so much deserves better treatment than it has been getting. Next time you start to say: "My feet are killing me!" remember the shoe may be on the other foot—you may be killing your feet. Perhaps a Be Kind to Your Feet Week might solve a lot of the knotty problems that beset us, because the experts assure us that while bad feet aren't responsible for fatalities, they can produce a myriad of disorders—backache, headache, fatigue, poor posture, *irritability* and *a grouchy disposition.* (The italics are mine.) —A. J. MARKLE.

Has Everything Already Been Invented?

I KEEP HAVING this dream. I call it my 1969 nightmare. In it I walk into the White House, wearing white tie and tails, and sit down to dinner with the President and two dozen other distinguished people. It is a State Dinner, given as a tribute to me for having won the so-called Triple Crown: the Nobel Prize, the Pulitzer Prize, and a Marmon roadster raffled off by the Moses Taylor Post of the American Legion. It is a dinner of great importance to me. I want it to go well.

Right in the midst of the soup course a pepper mill goes berserk. It is a handsome pepper mill about a foot-and-a-half tall, and it has batteries in it. When it runs amuck, it is on the table midway between me and the Secretary of Commerce. It starts off by trembling slightly, as if it were having a chill; then it begins tipping drunkenly from side to side and, before anybody can stop it, it is off on a wild and noisy tarantella up and down the long table. It leaps and bobs and weaves and knocks over wine glasses, and has a frenzied Greco-Roman encounter with a platterful of asparagus stalks. It kicks out at prominent guests, all the while clacking and whirring and snarling like a mad thing. Several of the handsome women guests scream and clutch their bosoms and faint, and one man—a wealthy career diplomat whose name is a household word in a few households—tries to flog the raging thing into submission with a long silver candlestick. Then the batteries give out

and the pepper mill falls over on its side, pooped, and all present have a jolly laugh.

What could be the strange motivational quirk behind that dream? Could it be this business of the airplanes opening the garage doors? I had just recently installed an electric door-opener on my garage and was loudly basking in the glory of it, when I heard that electrical impulses from the sky, quite clearly originating in passing airplanes, are opening such doors—especially in the middle of the night when blizzards are raging across the land. The mere fact that airplanes are flicking mysterious rays at my garage door and throwing it open to the wintry blasts is enough to keep me tossing uneasily in bed for hours. Let's face it—if God had meant for us to fly, he'd have put feathers on us.

Or it might have been the matter of that electric shoe-polisher. A New York City woman bought one of these gadgets for her son, who was in service overseas. She wrapped it securely and mailed it, and in the New York post office it suddenly came to life inside its paper cocoon. A dull buzzing, whirring noise came from the package, and the post office people hurled it into a bucket of water and after it had been thoroughly soaked, they beat it to death with crowbars.

On the other hand, my White House nightmare may be traceable to the electric desk calendar which a relative gave me for Christmas a few years back. I didn't really want it. In fact, I had so much trouble with it that I found myself *hating* the way days of the month are arranged. It took me thirty-six hours to puzzle out the instructions; then I got it set for the right date and put it in operation on my desk and it whuzzed and gubbled along for a while and then something happened—I think it was a power failure during an electrical storm. By the time I got around to the job of resetting it, conditions had become chaotic. The more I tinkered with it, the further I threw it out of date. Then I took to worrying over the seeming fact that *I* was losing time. Valued hours and days were sliding swiftly past while that machine stood on my desk and said February 16. I grew mildly neurotic about it and began to think that if I ever did get it going again, it would take over my days and months and years—it would begin living my life for me. I know this makes me sound daffy, but . . . well, I *am.* That machine is now in the attic, wrapped in an old blanket, and I intend for it to stay there until I no longer have the finger strength to tear the sheets off the wall calendar once each month.

But in the meantime, I keep having this dream. . . . —H. ALLEN SMITH.

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State of Affairs

Henry Brandon

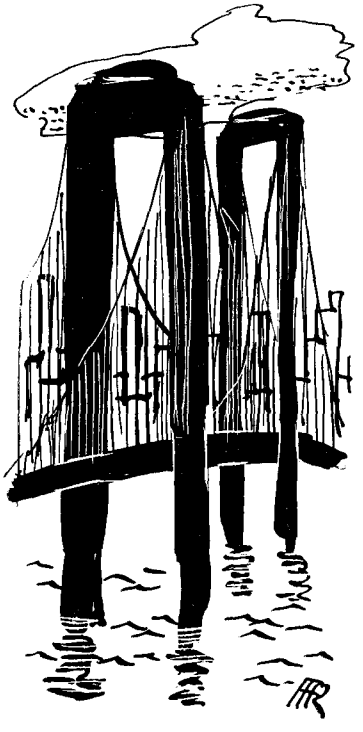
Three in Bloom

WASHINGTON.

"A HUNDRED blossoms are blooming in the Nixon Administration," a White House aide said to me the other day, "but only three are in full bloom." They are the Attorney General John Mitchell, the President's National Security Adviser, Dr. Henry Kissinger, and his legislative coordinator, John D. Ehrlichman.

Mr. Mitchell enjoys a kind of seniority among them all. He managed the successful election campaign; he has an iron will and strong convictions. Speaking to small, intimate audiences, he used to define his relationship with candidate Nixon as that of a senior partner of the same firm, making as much money as Nixon did. There was equality, and Mitchell implied that it was he who set the tone.

Now that Mitchell serves the President as a member of the Cabinet, he, of course, is not saying this anymore. But those who have an opportunity to observe the two at close quarters say that not much has changed. Mitchell is the President's most intimate confidant, almost, but not quite, to the degree Robert Kennedy was to his brother Jack. In other words, he is much more than Attorney General. He has wide authority; he is the eyes and ears of the President within the Administration. He is also determined that the President live up to the promises he made in the campaign regarding "law and order," and he is convinced that the Johnson Administration's approach—putting the greatest emphasis on dealing with the causes and not enough on using repression—needs to be reversed. He is convinced that the President's political future rests on hewing to a conservative line.



Dr. Kissinger, forty-six, is not so much an intimate confidant as he is the President's oracle in foreign policy. He is a man with what the Germans call Weltanschauung, a philosophical and conceptual approach. His coming from Harvard and being a professor means to many that he is a libera!—but in fact he has a cautious, conservative outlook reminiscent of an enlightened British Tory. His thrust of mind, his depth of scholarship, his tidy thinking, and his ability to evaluate the effect of every major move on the long-range future no doubt have profoundly impressed the President. So has his industry and dedication, for he is one of those Presidential servants whose job has become his life.

He looks skeptically not only at the world but at himself, even if many who see him exert his power in the White House sometimes have difficulty in discerning the latter. There is, of course, always something immensely comforting for a man like Mr. Nixon, who relies mainly on his instincts and his own experience, to have an expert at his elbow who, in contrast, relies on his intellect, his studies of diplomacy and its interaction with military strategy. Nixon has, in fact, come to trust Kissinger's judgment to such an extent that he seeks his advice on many problems outside the scope of foreign policy.

With too many novices at the top of the State Department, Dr. Kissinger, backed by a small staff, continues to hold the initiative in making foreign policy, and so, at least for the time being, the State Department is more his diplomatic instrument than an independent force. This does not mean that William Rogers, the Secretary of State and an old counselor of Mr. Nixon, cannot exert his power with the President whenever he chooses. Their relations are easy; Mr. Rogers is not worried about them, but as an executive he seems detached from the operations of the State Department and husbands his influence with the Presi-

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dent carefully, cautiously, and for occasions that will matter to him. Henry Kissinger also has the enormous advantage of always being available and close by, of having his own answers up his own sleeve.

Many inside the Administration believe that Dr. Kissinger's influence will decline as the State Department marshals its powers, especially if the present approach to the Vietnam negotiations, for which Dr. Kissinger is given the main responsibility, proves to be misconceived. Nevertheless, today he is probably the most indispensable among Mr. Nixon's men.

John Ehrlichman is a handsome, breezy, fast-moving organization man who is trying to be the Kissinger on the domestic side, except that he does not have at his disposal anything akin to the National Security Council through which Kissinger coordinates foreign policy. It is not easy to communicate with all the departments Ehrlichman must keep in touch with, put pressure on to develop policies, and then coordinate them with others. On the contrary, it is a cumbersome, exasperating task that needs both toughness and subtlety.

The President has great confidence in Ehrlichman's sharp mind, organizational talents, and political instincts. But for a man who wields this kind of influence there is still very little known about this forty-four-year-old lawyer from Seattle. He is keeping out of the limelight; he is a difficult man to get answers from and, as a consequence, very little is known about his political views. He is said to be a conservative but not without flexibility, one of those pragmatists who knows how to zigzag on one and the same road, but not a man of ideas or vision.

The rash of criticism in the press and in Congress taking the President to task for not exerting enough leadership and being slow in coming to grips with domestic problems has reportedly made an impression in the White House; but having lost a good deal of time earlier, the President finds it difficult—now that his staff is slowly learning to walk the political tightropes—to churn out much legislation within a short time without overtaxing his already strained relations with the Congress.

The test for those who have counseled him to lean toward moderate conservatism and to take his time with new legislation will come in the midterm Congressional elections next year. But the ultimate test for the men the President relies on most will be—some close to him believe—whether they can develop programs that will hold out for him the promise of a place in history.

Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

According to Louis D'Armand this really happened to him in a general store in a remote New England village. Among a clutter of garden tools he found a hand cultivator and asked the proprietor the price.

"Not for sale," the man said.

"You mean I can't buy one?"

"Nope."

"Then why is it on display?"

"It's the last one we have," the storekeeper replied angrily. "If I sell it, what will I show the next customer who wants one?"

As a child Edgar Cayce slept in a hypnotic state with his head upon his schoolbooks. The contents of the books were absorbed by a form of photographic memorizing. Unfortunately, the system failed after the seventh grade and that was as far as the boy went in school. By that time he was chatting with dead relatives and having other visions. At the age of twenty-one, Cayce found that he could diagnose people's ailments long distance. He would go into a trance, and having been supplied with the name and address of a patient, he would tune in on him and tell what was wrong.

The famous clairvoyant died in 1945, after forty-three years of readings on thousands of patients. Many books have been written about him, of which the latest is *Edgar Cayce on Diet and Health* (Hawthorn), taken from stenographic records of his telepathic statements. There are recipes and advice on food and health. On December 2, 1937, Cayce came into possession of some valuable information when an Egyptian mummy appeared in a dream and translated some ancient directions for the preparation of Mummy Food. All you need are equal portions of Assyrian dates and figs. Grind them and add half a handful of corn meal or crushed wheat. Cook over low heat. Eat that with a little milk and you'll be ready for the sarcophagus.

In one of his trances Edgar Cayce admonished a faraway patient, "Oysters should never be taken with whisky, as this produces a chemical reaction that is bad for most stomachs." Cayce wasn't against alcohol,

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for he often prescribed it in moderation. He was, however, against quitting smoking. He said it is better to smoke six or eight cigarettes a day than to suffer "the nervous and mental reaction to total abstinence." (Tobacco manufacturers, please copy.) One of Cayce's seven basic rules is to "avoid fried foods." For skeptics, may we remind you that another practitioner, Dr. Satchel Paige, gave the very same advice, because, he said, "they angry up the blood."

For most of his life, people were hoping George Bernard Shaw would write his autobiography. He never did, yet he left a good deal of material that is autobiographical. When he was young, he kept a sort of journal, and later he tried to keep a diary, which

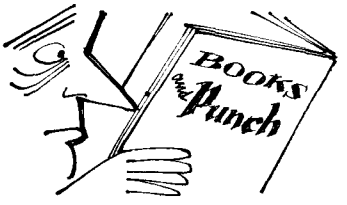
lasted about two weeks. There were confessions and essays of his printed through the years. He wrote thousands of letters, knowing that the shortest card and the longest epistle would be preserved by the recipients.

Stanley Weintraub has put together *Shaw: An Autobiography*, just published by Weybright and Talley, from much of the material Shaw wrote about himself here and there. In his introduction, Weintraub tells how Shaw took over the biographies written about him, those by the American math professor, Archibald Henderson, by Frank Harris, and by Hesketh Pearson. He not only provided them with interviews and letters, but he rewrote large sections of the text himself. He held up the Pearson book interminably with his elaborate corrections and additions. When he finally turned over the last of it to Pearson, Shaw told him he could have written three plays in the time it took him to revise the book. Accepting the manuscript, Pearson replied, "Posterity will be grateful to me."

A little book called *Face-Reading for Fun and Profit* (Parker Publishing Company, West Nyack, N.Y.) teaches how to look at a person's face and tell his or her character and personality. Based on ancient Oriental principles, the theory is that one's inner person is reflected through the face. A person with three parallel wrinkles on his forehead, for instance, has quick perception and a good memory. Watch out for the one-wrinkle forehead, though, for it denotes opportunism and greed. If you're seeking someone who is "kind and full of fun," look for thick earlobes. I can't begin to tell you all the things the nose reveals. As for the eyes, there are the Sex-Pot Eyes, the Fickle Eyes, the Witch's Eyes, and many more. Look especially carefully at the skin surrounding the inner corner of a person's eye. If the area is hollow and dark, it is an indication of "an irregular and harmful sex life."

Sharps and Flats: Years ago when he was on the sports desk of the Newark (N. J.) *Evening News*, Andy Svenson had to check proofs of headlines. There was a basketball game between the girls of Immaculate Conception High in Essex County and a school by the same name in Hudson County. Svenson caught the headline just before it went to press: IMMACULATE GIRLS DEFEAT CONCEPTION.

► Last December I sent $8 to British Publications, Inc., for a subscription to *Books and Bookmen*. My cheque was cashed immedjately, but nothing happened. In April I began writing letters of protest, and in June I really got action. I received two January issues of *Punch*.



► The Sight and Sound Book Shop in Boston has Isaac Asimov's *Easy Introduction to the Slide Rule* on the science fiction shelf.

► Pete Morrow worked hard on this one, so pay attention. Show me a gym teacher who scheduled her eye examination so she would be on time for her fat ladies class, and I'll show you a farsighted patient with dilated pupils.

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SUPPLY, DEMAND, AND THE BRAIN DRAIN

The first brain drainer—Plato initiated pilferage of thinkers.

Roaming the world in search of the best salaries and working conditions, talented professionals create shortages of brainpower in their own countries. It is time for an international agreement on the exchange of human resources.

by NURI EREN

The businessman left Turkey to negotiate the construction of a fertilizer plant with investors from Germany and the United States. In Frankfurt, the designer of the prospective plant turned out to be a South African and the construction engineer an Iranian. At the airport in New York, the businessman was met by the export manager of his company—an Indian. In New Jersey, a Turkish chemist guided the tour of a factory. When we saw the businessman that evening, he complained bitterly of the impossibility of finding professional help for his industrial ventures in Turkey.

His was not a unique experience. Individual entrepreneurs as well as governments in the lesser-developed countries have encountered increasing difficulties as a result of the exodus of their professional men. The plight has become so desperate that President Bongo of Gabon felt forced to broadcast an appeal to the world. The new countries of Africa plagued by disease have been left with a handful of doctors and practically no nurses, while hundreds of their nationals practice in Europe. This drain of trained talent has alarmed the international organizations. UNESCO, the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, the International Labor Organization, and the Pan American Health Organization have initiated studies of the problem. In the General Assembly of the United Nations, the lesser-developed countries have accused the West of transferring its exploitive urges from physical to human resources. The representative of Dahomey has called it an "odious bleeding" of Africa, a continuation of slave trade. The Assembly has passed a resolution conceding the seriousness of the problem and expressing grave concern.

The gravity of the situation appeared beyond contest. In the four years between 1962-66, 51.9 per cent of all the engineering graduates of Iran, 14.1 per cent of the scientists, and 10 per cent of the physicians left their country for work abroad. Likewise, 35.5 per cent of the Lebanese and 30.3 per cent of the Chilean engineers, 15.2 per cent of the Turkish physicians, and 19.3 per cent of the Filipino doctors had obtained employment in other lands. The percentages for African engineers, doctors, nurses, and natural scientists working outside their native countries reached much higher proportions. Of the 150 Cameroons trained as doctors, 100 were working in France as against only forty-seven on their native soil.

This world-wide movement was spawned by the revolution in communications. The revolution created an individual mobility unprecedented in the history of mankind. At the same time it fostered a universal knowledgeability about the intimate affairs of every society. This knowledgeability gave birth to transnational communities of professional men.

Doctors in the jungles of Africa, engineers in the heights of the Andes were pooled together with doctors and engineers in the cosmopolitan centers. These transnational pools enabled even the most isolated of the professionals to move wherever opportunity beckoned, and generated the grave flight of trained talent from its native land that gave rise to world-wide concern.

Until recently the United States had been considered the principal culprit in the drain. But further studies have revealed new evidence that indicates a universal culpability. For instance, United Nations statistics show that all of the great industrialized nations of the Western world have acted as centers of gravity for the movement. Not only the United States but Great Britain, Germany, France, Canada, and Australia have served as the principal magnets for doctors, engineers, and scientists from Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

The attraction followed a singular pattern reflecting past colonial connections, cultural and lingual affiliations, and similar economic interests. Latin Americans floated into the United States, with a small proportion preferring Spain. Sub-Africans converged on France and Belgium. Indians, Pakistanis, and Jamaicans flocked to Britain. Many Iranians preferred Germany.

The movement has not remained one-

Nuri Eren is Turkey's deputy ambassador to the U.N. and author of several books and articles on international affairs. This article expresses his personal views.

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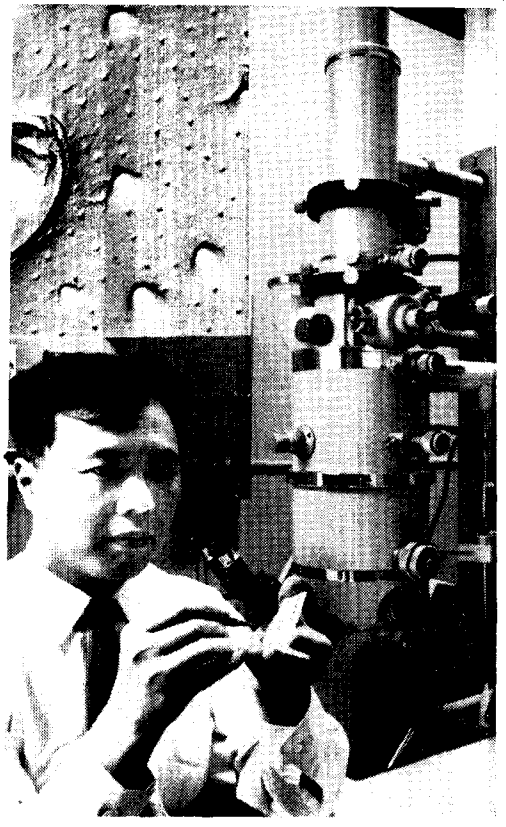

A Japanese biologist at Yale—"the attractions of a sophisticated milieu."

directional. The lesser-developed nations have also borrowed from each other. Many lawyers and teachers from the West Indies have moved to the new states in Africa. Kuwait and Egypt have attracted high-caliber trained talent from the poorer Arab countries. Indian scientists and engineers have found profitable employment in the developing nations of Asia and Africa.

The movement has also embraced the developed nations in a circular motion. Norway and Sweden have lost many of their brightest stars to Germany. Britain has ceded a large proportion to Canada and Australia. The United States has attracted from them all. In fact, of the 130,000 scientists that came to the United States from abroad since 1945, 77,000 have originated from Western Europe.

In this global exchange Canada and the United States have remained in the forefront, because they have attracted people from both the developed and the developing nations. Immigration has supplied the United States with 21 per cent of its annual need of physicians. In the last few years 13 per cent of the annual supply of scientists came to America from abroad. Approximately 1,500 of Canada's 24,000 physicians have been trained abroad. Canada's intake of professional immigrants from developing countries has increased from 27.6 per cent in 1963 to 36.3 per cent in 1967. Britain has obtained an increasingly large proportion of her annual need of engineers, teachers, doctors, and nurses from the developing nations of the Commonwealth. Socialized medicine would have been impossible without the inflow of foreign-trained doctors and nurses. The foreign-born and trained constituted more than one-third of the health personnel in Britain. The weight of imported talent on France, on Germany, and on the rest of the Western European countries is not quantifiable because of the lack of precise immigration statistics. But we know indirectly that the great German expansion has attracted engineers and scientists from the Middle East. A French survey in 1965 showed that 11,000 sub-Saharan graduates had remained to work in France, against 12,000 that were studying there that year.

The contribution of the immigrant talent to the material well-being and the cultural wealth of the receiving countries remains beyond statistical computation. But their worth to the recipients in terms of the cost of their education has been estimated. A subcommittee of the U.S. House of Representatives has figured approximately $20,000 for training a Latin American professional. UNESCO has provided similar estimates for African and Asian countries. On the basis of these computations the House Committee has figured the annual benefit to the United States from imported trained talent in the vicinity of $45 million every year, adding up to $1 billion since the Second World War. Obviously, the same benefits have accrued to Canada, Britain, Australia, France, and Germany. The cost of educating the same people in the developed countries would have been 20 to 30 per cent higher. In addition, the expansion of training facilities for accommodating them would have required vast outlays of capital. For instance, the training of doctors imported into the United States alone would have necessitated fifteen new medical centers.

These obvious benefits to the recipients have spurred the developing countries to intensify the controversy around the brain drain. They have accused the recipients of deliberately encouraging the influx of trained talent. Indeed, in the practices of the last twenty years they found cogent arguments. The Immigration and Nationality Act of the United States shifted the balance in favor of skilled and trained immigrants, aiming at deliberate courtship of foreign brains. In 1958 and 1966, the Australian government issued new regulations that promoted the influx of immigrants with "high attainment in the arts, sciences, and other fields of professional attainments."

Since the Fifties, the Canadian government has initiated varied legislative and administrative measures to serve the same purpose. Similarly, Britain, beginning with the Commonwealth Act of 1962 and proceeding with the Act of 1965, restricted immigration to professionally qualified individuals.

No doubt, such courtship of trained talent by the industrially advanced countries encourages the brain drain from the lesser-developed nations, but it does not generate it. The reasons for the exodus are inherent in the economic, social, and cultural contrasts between the developed and the developing nations. First, the industrialized nations offer much higher salaries. In Western Europe, engineers and doctors from Asia and Africa get four to five times the amount they would receive in their native lands. In America, the differential is still higher. The National Science Foundation computed the annual median salary in the United States of scientists such as chemists, mathematicians, physicists, econometricians, and medical personnel to be in the range of $12,000 to $18,000. In many of the Asian and African countries, the annual median for such professionals hardly exceeds $3,000. Allowing for substantial differences in purchasing power, the American scale would still provide an incomparably higher standard of living. In many instances, the immigrant professional rises far above the median. My own doctor, a Greek from Salonica established in New York with an office in the East 70s, has told me that he averages $40,000. In his home town he expected an average of $10,000. According to the local standards this would have placed him in the top bracket. "But," he has said, "money is not the main inducement. Here I also work in the Cornell Medical Center. This provides me with advances in my profession. I also have the satisfaction of associating with advanced people in my profession."

A young nuclear scientist, from another Mediterranean country, who was offered a leading scientific post in his country's major university with a compensating salary remained in the United States. "Here I have every possibility for my research. All the logistical support I need is at hand. But a more important consideration keeps me here. Even if I were assured of all these facilities, I would still be wary to return. I would be afraid of being

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isolated from the scientific world. Here, I am at the hub of things. There, I would be confined to an ivory tower."

A Latin American working as a chemist for Squibb voiced another factor that entices professionals away from their homelands. "I took up chemistry in order to take over my father's pharmacy—the largest in our town. But now that I have won my degree and traveled around, I do not want to go back. As a pharmacist I would be nobody. In my town the prefect, the police director, government functionaries, petty bureaucrats with lesser education and worldly knowledge will command more attention and respect than I would. Here, as chemist for a well-known corporation my social status is assured." Indeed, the traditional tendency in the old cultures to look up to political authority and to look down upon the professions also operates as a reason for keeping foreign-educated professionals from returning to their native lands.

Such reluctance naturally applies mainly to students abroad who develop a sense of comparative social values. Currently, there are an estimated quarter-million of them studying in the United States and Western Europe.

Britain harbors 75,000, Germany has roughly 30,000, France roughly another 30,000, and the United States 100,000. Of those in America, one-fifth tend to remain. Many who come for training in basic sciences to return as science teachers continue in advanced studies in physics, in electronics, and in the nuclear sciences for which there are no job opportunities in their own countries. Overtraining among the doctors also prohibits repatriation. They specialize in cancer research, in heart transplants for which there are no laboratory facilities or proper hospital equipment.

Of the 390 Koreans who earned doctorate degrees in the United States, only sixty-four have returned. Many of them remained because there was no outlet for the employment of their advanced training at home.

Better pay and opportunity, the attractions of a sophisticated milieu, are not the only reasons inhibiting repatriation. Not all countries with heavy commitments on training abroad have plans that relate the training to their needs. Many of the students receive government scholarships. On their return, they face dull prospects in a rigidly structured bureaucracy in which their special training attracts envy and discrimination. They are frequently assigned to posts that are beneath their capacity and which are often unrelated to their training. The same deficiency in planning applies at home and prompts much of the drain from the underdeveloped nations to the Western world. In many of the countries of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, the educational system is still patterned on nineteenth-century lines. As characterized in a United Nations report, it is geared to raise gentlemen scribes rather than scientists; engineers, lawyers, and public administrators abound where agronomists, chemists, and pure scientists are desperately required, paralleling the situation in the United States before the establishment of the land-grant colleges when the engineers and the chemists required for industrialization were imported from Europe.

Many countries have engaged in corrective measures. Turkey, India, Pakistan, and some in Latin America have sought to relate supply to demand. But educational planning is still wallowing in its infancy; at the same time, its rapid break off into new ground is subject to traditional attitudes and to the founding of new institutions. For

Foreign students—"Britain harbors 75,000 . . . the United States 100,000."

instance, India, desperately in need of agricultural experts, of chemists, of natural scientists, produced an excess of engineers. Some 20 per cent of them were employed outside their profession, and the government actually encouraged their emigration. Korea has found herself with half of her pharmacists unemployed.

The failure of the traditional institutions to train students for work in the rural areas has compounded this imbalance between supply and demand. Education in these institutions has meant unsoiled hands, unsoiled feet. Doctors, engineers, pharmacists—extremely scarce in the rural regions—refused to move from the urban centers. They saturated the market and looked for employment abroad.

Whatever the reason, an itch for greener pastures across the horizons has infected trained brains all over the world. This is not an altogether novel phenomenon. Indeed, in its very essence history is but a record of this urge to move. The brain drain, per se, is not new, even though Lord Hailsham was the first contemporary personality to bring it into international prominence some years ago in a statement before the House of Lords in which he complained of the drain of British brains to the United States. But the term as such was first used by an ancient Greek writer, Atheneus, when he wrote of "the drain of Greek brains to Alexandria." Plato must be acknowledged as the first brain drainer. His Academy initiated the pilferage of leading thinkers from other lands. The Ptolemies of Egypt launched the first concerted effort. In the third century B.C. they founded Alexandria with the specific purpose of eclipsing Athens. They built the museum and the library. Spending enormous sums, they imported brains, turning the small somnolent fishing village on the Mediterranean into the intellectual center of the world for more than five hundred years.

In the eighth century A.D. the Caliph al-Mansur achieved the same in Baghdad. Mathematicians from Tashkent in Central Asia, astronomers from the Ganges valley in India; philosophers, architects, and physicians from Rome, Athens, and Alexandria were lured with high honors and high salaries to work in the new city. Later, Cambridge gained its first luster from the "Great Dispersion" in the University of Paris in 1299. Henry III, learning of the troubles of French scholars, issued an open invitation: "We want your university to know that if you desire to transfer yourselves to our Kingdom of England and to abide there for the sake of study, we will assign to you whatever boroughs and villages you choose, and we will provide for your liberty and tranquillity in every convenient way."

Of the Italian city-states, Bologna, graced with one of the foremost universities in the Middle Ages, manifested an early anxiety for preserving its own. It passed severe penalties against university thieves. "The penalty of death awaited any person who entered into conspiracy for transferring scholars out of the city. Any citizen doctor over the age of fifty who left Bologna without permission became liable to capital punishment." In modern times, Ataturk, the founder of Turkey, invited the German-Jewish scholars ousted by Hitler to the Turkish universities. They were received

(*Continued on page 32*)

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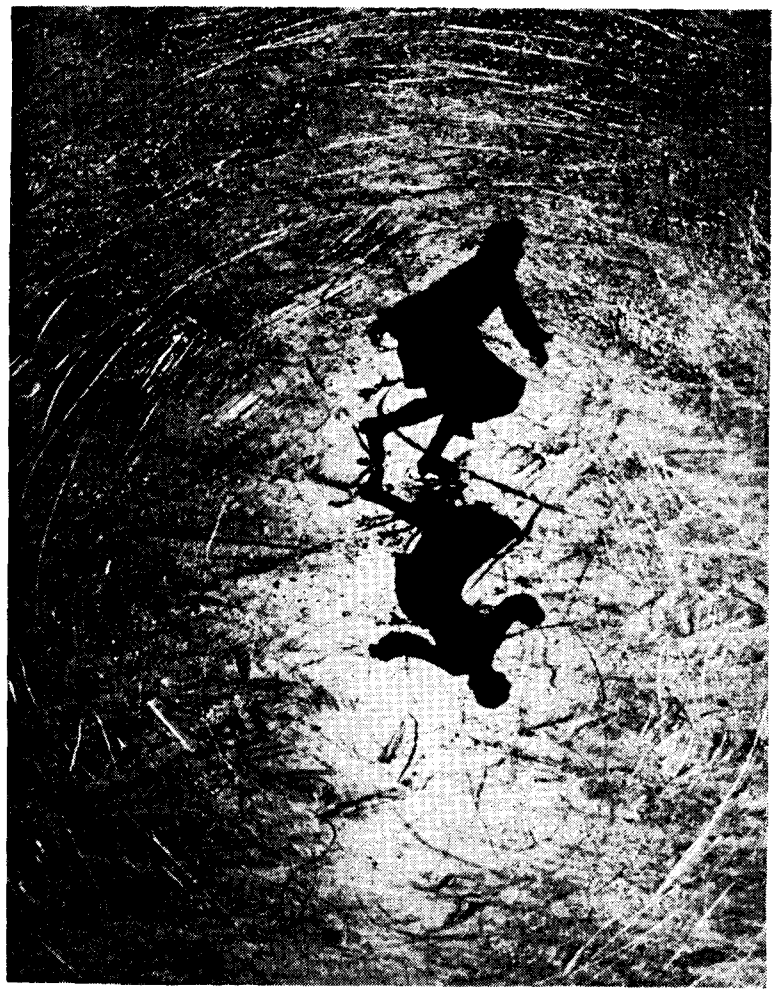
THE EYE OF EISENSTAEDT

by MARGARET R. WEISS



—All photographs by Alfred Eisenstaedt.

Silhouette in the sun, Davos.

Lacking a specific vocabulary for photo-criticism and still groping for an esthetic theory distinctive to the camera arts alone, reviewers and critics have already made clichés of such phrases as "the photographer's eye" and "the art of seeing photographically." Understandable though this may be, it has undoubtedly anesthetized the reader or viewer more often than it has aided him in esthetic apperception and appreciation.

In the case of *The Eye of Eisenstaedt* (Viking), however, the photographer himself has managed with the simplest of commentary to pin a few small butterflies as he briefly exposes the creative attitude and approach underlying his eminently successful camerawork. What interests him, what he attempts to capture, how closely result measures up to intention, brief notes on the when and where of assignments—these make up this unpretentious postscript to Alfred Eisenstaedt's earlier volume, *Witness To Our Time*, which documented his thirty-year tenure as a *Life* staff photographer.

Albeit a postscript and an "as-told-to" book (with Arthur Goldsmith competently serving as recording angel), there is never any doubt as to who is doing the telling. The photographer's own idiom comes through as consistently in the text as in the pictures; so does the rather shy, reticent man whom the camera world calls "Eisie."

Sketching in the details surrounding some 150 of his prints, he reveals the early trauma of being "the short one" in the family; coming of age in a post-World War I Berlin that could offer him no more than a button-and-belt salesman's job; the influence of museum visits in directing him toward a pictorialist approach; the progress from a vintage Kodak No. 3 folding camera to a Zeiss, an Ermanox (the "candid camera" made famous by Erich Salomon), and finally a Leica. Less than two years after selling a vacation shot to the *Berliner Tageblatt* for $3, his 50-50 arrangement with the Pacific and Atlantic Picture Agency produced enough income to encourage him to make photography a full-time career.

Eisie's initial professional assignment took him to Stockholm to cover Thomas Mann's acceptance of the Nobel Prize. Compact Ermanox in hand, the photographer reveled in the relative ease of shooting by existing light, enjoying most the opportunity to try for a more pictorial kind of picture than the usual straight record shot of a celebrity or a public event. Learning to "see fast and respond quickly," he soon found that the Leica's

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ability to handle thirty-six exposures without reloading was a boon to dynamic visual reporting of the political and social scene.

He characterizes his work during these years prior to 1936 as a "time of training and experimenting, of trial and error, of making mistakes and learning the fundamentals of photo-reportage." One never-to-be-forgotten mistake occurred on an AP assignment that took him to Italy for the first time. At the wedding of King Boris of Bulgaria and an Italian princess, he became so enthralled by the medieval pageantry, the street scenes of Assisi, the cathedral, the chanting monks, the array of royal guests that he shot everything in sight—everything but the bride and groom.

By 1935 he had "learned how to use the camera not just to find beauty, but to tell a story with visual images rather than words." Assigned to cover Emperor Haile Selassie in Addis Ababa, he took thousands of photographs recording the life and land of Ethiopia. When the country was invaded shortly after by Italian troops, his pictures were in great demand. In retrospect, Eisie observes, "I can credit my Ethiopian coverage with helping to establish my international reputation as a photo-journalist and making it possible for me to come to the United States and join the staff of *Life*."

The subsequent years were well chronicled in *Witness To Our Time*: Hollywood in the 1930s to the U.N. in the 1960s, FDR to LBJ, Shaw to Hemingway ("the most difficult subject"), Dietrich to Sophia Loren ("the easiest of subjects"). And there were the stalwarts of the scalloped, sand-fringed coastline that harbors Eisie's favorite retreat: Thomas Hart Benton and Max Eastman, pictured in their Martha's Vineyard environments.

Undaunted by photo-journalism's whirlwind schedules and occupational hazards, the wiry seventy-year-old photographer has a record of almost 2,000 on-location stories to his credit. When he describes his distinguished colleague Margaret Bourke-White as "the ideal photo-journalist who would get up at daybreak to photograph a bread crumb if necessary," he could be speaking of himself as well.

Most revealing are Eisie's self-imposed "assignments"—the sunsets and skyline views seen from his own bedroom window, the exotic forms to be found in an orchid greenhouse, sponta-

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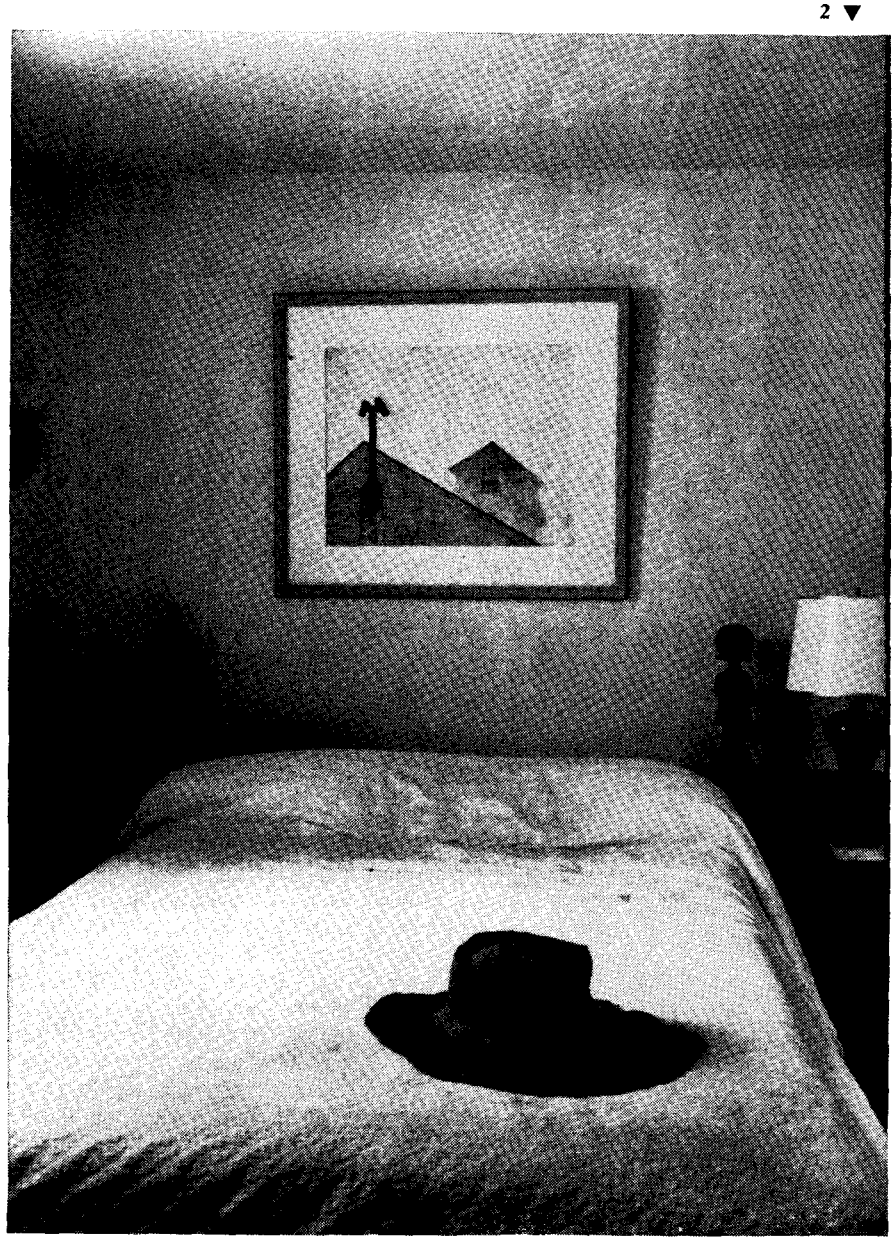

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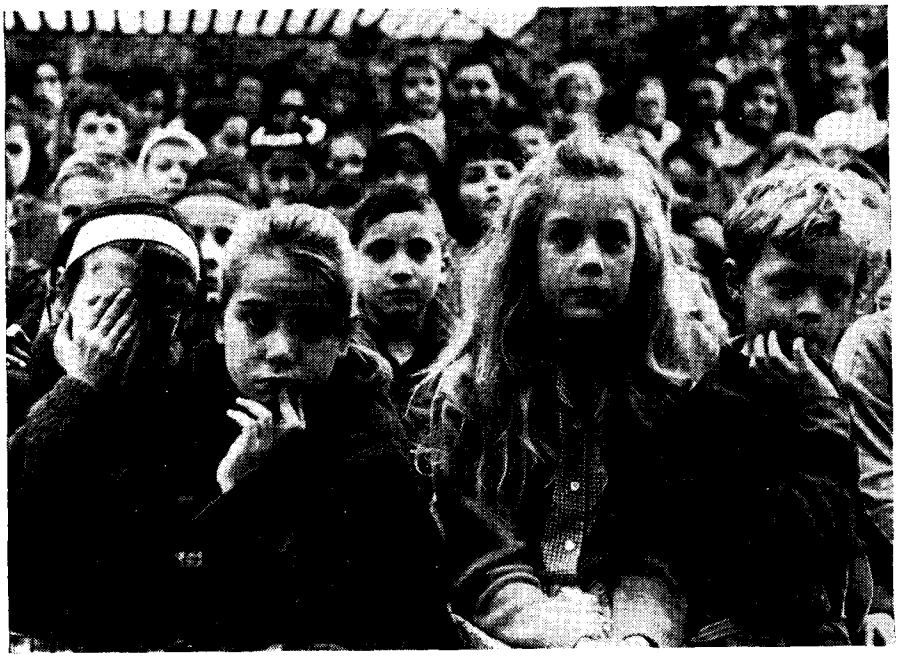

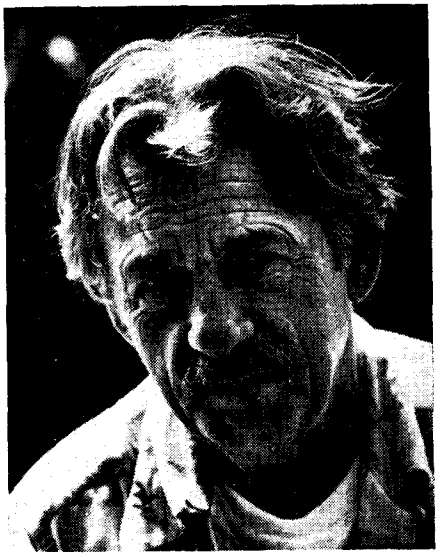

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1 Thomas Mann at Nobel Prize Ceremonies, 1929, Stockholm.

2 Andrew N. Wyeth's bedroom in Maine.

3 Judge in a public courtroom, Ethiopia.

4 Children watching Punch and Judy show, Paris.

5 Thomas Hart Benton in Martha's Vineyard.

neous reactions of children at play, the chance appearance of bird or cat or dog. For him, "pictures, beautiful pictures, appear spontaneously. . . . If you are quick enough, you catch the moment before it dissolves forever." Always he searches for those aspects of his subject that are "visually interesting, that tell a story in a strong pictorial way."

His facility for isolating the small, telling detail in any scene is exemplified by this issue's cover photograph. During a wearying six-week shooting stint in the rain forest of Surinam—sharing primeval terrain, storms, giant red ants, and poisonous snakes with a reporter, an artist, and six Indian guides—not even the diminutive spot of color made by a half-inch-high fungus escaped his attention.

Nature's palette, shapes, and patterns are an unending source of stimulation to him. "Black-and-white film has given me my most dramatic shots," he told me recently, "but color is best for showing and sharing. And that's what I do every year in my slide lectures at the Vineyard. Early in August at Menemsha Inn and at the First Congregational Church in West Tisbury I'll be showing about 700 slides—some celebrity portraits, but mostly Vineyard views—sunsets, sailboats, flowers, little beach plants, facades and porch furniture of the old Victorian houses that are a hallmark of the island."

This "sharing" of pictures, however, only temporarily interrupts his self-assigned shooting sessions. "If I weren't so restless, I'd like to be an amateur painter, but I can't sit still long enough. Therefore, I'm a 'Sunday photographer,'" Eisie confesses. "There are new things to be learned every time you take a picture. . . . No two waves ever are exactly alike, nor are any two sunsets identical. It's the light that makes the difference. . . . One instant the water can be dull, flat, lifeless—no picture. The next instant the sun comes out and the water bursts into fire, sparkling like diamonds."

Eisie maintains that his greatest assets have been a feeling for light and a sense of timing. "A photographer needs a short-circuit between his brain and his fingertips. Split-second timing is important—and so is luck," he concludes. "Often I think I've had more luck than brains as a photographer."

Examining the evidence in *The Eye of Eisenstaedt*, few will agree with that last appraisal.

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Moon Over Owerri

OWERRI, BIAFRA.

The news of man's great leap to the moon reached us in the early morning here in the provisional capital of Biafra, just as we were starting our rounds of some of the numberless refugee camps that suffuse this land. Several government officials who had been listening to the Voice of America came to our quarters to convey the news and to congratulate citizens of a nation that was able to transport life in human form to another part of the solar system.

As we drove north out of Owerri, our thoughts turned skyward—not because of musings about man as a lunar explorer, but because the overcast was lifting and the attacking jets would hail the good day, plummeting out of the sun and spewing their hot metal on the frenzied humans below.

A few minutes later, it happened. Behind us, in the distance we heard the chatter of anti-aircraft guns. Next came the roaring sounds of the diving jets. Owerri was under fire again. Then the war sounds ceased. The entire episode didn't take more than six to seven minutes, not a long time in the life of a man but an eternity to those who were without safety below. It had the effect, too, of taking one's mind off the moon. When a man has to press his face against the earth to try to avoid death from the sky, his spirit is not fully ignited by the knowledge that it is now possible to roam the heavens and put a human hand on a bleak and lifeless mass 240,000 miles away.

At one of the refugee camps that afternoon there was a question about our latest exploit in space.

"Is it true," a hungry old man asked, "that Americans will soon be walking on the moon?"

I nodded.

"It is a wonderful thing that America is able to send men to the moon," he said.

I nodded again.

"Tell me," he said, "will they also be able to send us some food? For more than a month, there has been no food. Can you explain why they have stopped flying in the food?"

I had no sensible explanation to offer. Thirty to forty planes each night had been taking off from various places and had been able, under the cover of darkness, to deliver their cargoes to Biafra. Then the International Committee of the Red Cross decided to send in a plane during daylight despite the virtual certainty it would be shot down. It was. The International Committee of the Red Cross thereupon discontinued its relief flights until it had a guarantee that its planes would not be attacked. Nigeria reminded the International Committee of the Red Cross that a war was on, but said it would be willing to have planes take off from Lagos itself if Nigeria could be guaranteed that the planes would not carry war cargo. Biafra said it would agree to no such arrangement since it was ludicrous for a man to be choking you to death with one hand and appear to be magnanimous because he is offering you oxygen with the other. The best way for Lagos to help, Biafra said, was to stop the blockade that was causing all the starvation in the first place. Then there would be no need for food trucks in the sky.

It was all very confusing, but no more than the war itself. As for the old man's question about America sending food, I could tell him that relief shipments had been sent along from the United States. But I knew it was only a trickle alongside the need, and that we were acting far under our moral capacity. There was the matter of the proportion. The cumulative cost of the journey to the moon was $10-million a minute. At this rate, less than ten minutes of moon flight would solve the problem of starvation for Biafra's entire population for one year. What could I tell the old man that would give him hope? I decided it might be best to tell him about one aspect of the relief situation that was being generally overlooked in all the controversy over the disrupted flights.

CARITAS is resuming some of its flights, I said, and the French Red Cross is still on full schedule. One of the French pilots has completed more than fifteen missions. He is fifty-four and the hero of the airlift. Most nights he makes two round trips, even when the weather seems impossible to everyone else. On Bastille Day, however, he observed the holiday. And he is helping us with ABC. He has offered to fly in our medical supplies.

I explained that ABC meant Aid to Biafran Children, a medical project started by an American magazine with which I was associated. At first, it had seemed to us that the best way to help would be by bringing several hundred very ill children to the United States. Fifty American hospitals volunteered to join the program. But the problem grew so fast that it soon became clear that the most effective approach would be to send doctors and medicines to Biafra to look after the children in the villages and that was what was now happening. Dr. Omar Fareed, our medical coordinator, had just made his third trip to Biafra. Dr. Frank Catchpool, our field director, had arrived a month ago and had established new headquarters not far from Owerri. Dr.

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Letters to the Editor

Questions of Morality

JOHN F. WHARTON'S "Toward an Affirmative Morality" [*SR*, July 12] contains the basic ingredients for understanding the complexity of human behavior. The young have inoculated themselves against platitudes. Many of our young people see the military establishment as the unqualified teaching the unwilling the unnecessary. As one twenty-three-year-old Vietnam veteran quietly said, "Armies are necessary to fight necessary armies." General Westmoreland's "search and destroy," as a human methodology, is a tragic substitute for "Love ye one another."

LOUIS E. BUCK,
Austin, Tex.

THERE'S MUCH in Mr. Wharton's article that I find hard to accept, especially when he says Martin Luther "created spots where a man who wanted freedom of religious thought could get it." Whatever Luther's attributes may have been, religious toleration was not one of them. Certainly, Catholics were an anathema to him. And, as for Jews, he suggested that their schools and synagogues be razed by fire.

The fact is, he wasn't even tolerant of various Protestant groups that didn't agree with him; religious conformity was his goal. He fought Eck, Carlstadt, and Zwingli. He was tolerant of Anabaptists to the point of advising against their execution—banishment was sufficient. But when Calvin burned Servetus, Luther approved. When his own position became relatively secure—good-bye to freedom of religion.

HENRY C. COWEN,
Huntington, N.Y.

Political Facts of Hunger

IN "The Politics of Hunger" [*SR*, June 21] John A. Hamilton has provided a penetrating analysis of the shocking paradox of hunger in this land of plenty, and of the political action and reaction associated with it. Unfortunately, however, his presentation is marred by faulty research.

There was no vote of any kind on the food stamp program in April of last year. In September of 1967, Congress extended the program, and I was one of those House members who supported that action.

In May of last year, because of our concern over the problems of hunger and malnutrition in this country, thirteen other House members and I formed a bipartisan Coalition to Help Malnourished Americans. Our primary goals were to determine the extent and severity of the problem and what could be done about it without delay by administrative and legislative means to improve and refocus existing federal food programs.

In July, the House considered a food stamp bill providing for a $20-million increase in authorization for the food stamp program for fiscal year 1969. The bill was amended on the House floor to provide a four-year extension with an open-ended authorization; five of the House members to whom Mr. Hamilton refers – myself included – supported passage of the bill as amended.

I agreed to cosponsor President Nixon's legislative proposal for an extensive revision and expansion of the present food stamp program.

CATHERINE MAY,
U.S. Representative,
Fourth District,
Washington State.

Oil Resurfaces

FRANK B. CONSELMAN IN LETTERS TO THE EDITOR [*SR*, June 28] takes me to task for assuming that more accidents will occur in the drilling of off-shore oil wells. He strongly implies, though he wisely does not say, that the probability of accidents can be reduced to zero. Instead he uses such vague words as "safe" and "safeguard."

Atomic energy is much more dangerous than petroleum, and the attention given to the problem of atomic accidents far exceeds that found in the oil fields. Still, several atomic accidents have already resulted in the closing down of nuclear power plants, though no catastrophe has occurred—yet. In the handling of atomic bombs there have been several near misses: remember Palomares. Also see Joel Larus's article, "Nuclear Accidents and the ABM" [*SR*, May 31].

Accidents are not miracles; they are merely events that are sure to happen given sufficient risk-taking. Mr. Conselman says there are safe methods of drilling. Yet, the petroleum industry indignantly refuses to accept unlimited liability for future accidents, which shows how much confidence they have in their own "safeguards." All procedures depend on human beings, and human beings are fallible.

In the meantime, between 4,000 and 8,000 gallons of oil per day are escaping into the Santa Barbara channel, and the oil companies are drilling more wells. With human beings manning the drill pipe and kelly, I don't feel safe.

GARRETT HARDIN,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

MR. CONSELMAN ignores the fact that not even Fred Hartley, president of Union Oil Company, could give any assurance that future blowouts would not occur in Santa Barbara channel when he testified before a U.S. Senate committee. He based this on "the capriciousness of nature"; apparently this is an honest assessment of the fragile and fractured bottom of the channel.

Since Mr. Hartley—whose company is operating the platform where the blowout occurred—can't assure future safety, I view Mr. Conselman's "professional" interest with skepticism. Mr. Conselman knows that if we take the number of *known* blowouts it will come to approximately one per thousand wells drilled. This figure correlates with activity in the Santa Barbara channel. Is he then suggesting that Santa Barbarans stand by and watch while 3,000 more wells are drilled and three more catastrophes hit our beaches and shoreline?

This all boils down to a basic disagreement—Mr. Conselman is most assuring that Santa Barbarans will never again be inundated with oil, whereas the fact of the matter is oil still continues to pour out of the area. The original break has never been fixed, and now oil companies advocate more drilling.

ALVIN C. WEINGAND,
Co-Chairman,
Get Oil Out Committee,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

"Oh, dear, no! You can't have a Gemini next to a Virgo!"

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SR Goes to the Movies

Roland Gelatt

Growing Up in Brooklyn

IT'S ALL very well to be told that beauty is only skin deep, but the maxim can have a pretty hollow ring when you're eighteen and the interesting boys on the block refuse to give you a tumble. This is the predicament of the plain and gawky girl from Brooklyn whose adventures and misadventures are chronicled in Fred Coe's new film, *Me, Natalie*. But don't go groping for your handkerchiefs. Despite the evidence of her mirror and the veneer of brittle indifference behind which she sometimes tries to hide, Natalie is neither a willing nor a wilting wallflower. Indeed, far from being an object of pity, she is a creature of delightful wit and warmth—and so is the film which tells her story.

Patty Duke plays the embattled heroine with an engaging mixture of chip-on-the-shoulder cynicism and misty-eyed romanticism. It's a deftly executed performance, even better than her portrayal of the young Helen Keller in *The Miracle Worker* (also directed by Fred Coe). Although the makeup man has succeeded in transforming Miss Duke's physiognomy into a convincing homeliness (no small accomplishment), the real triumph lies in the actress's shaping of the personality behind that makeup—awkward and uncertain at first, then defiant and combative, and finally fulfilled with an inner radiance. The part is booby-trapped with temptations for caricature—an easy laugh here, a quick tear there—but Patty manages to emerge unscathed. She is at once tough and tender, resolute and uncertain, proud and self-deprecating. She is also irresistibly charming. The Natalies of this world should be well pleased to identify with her.

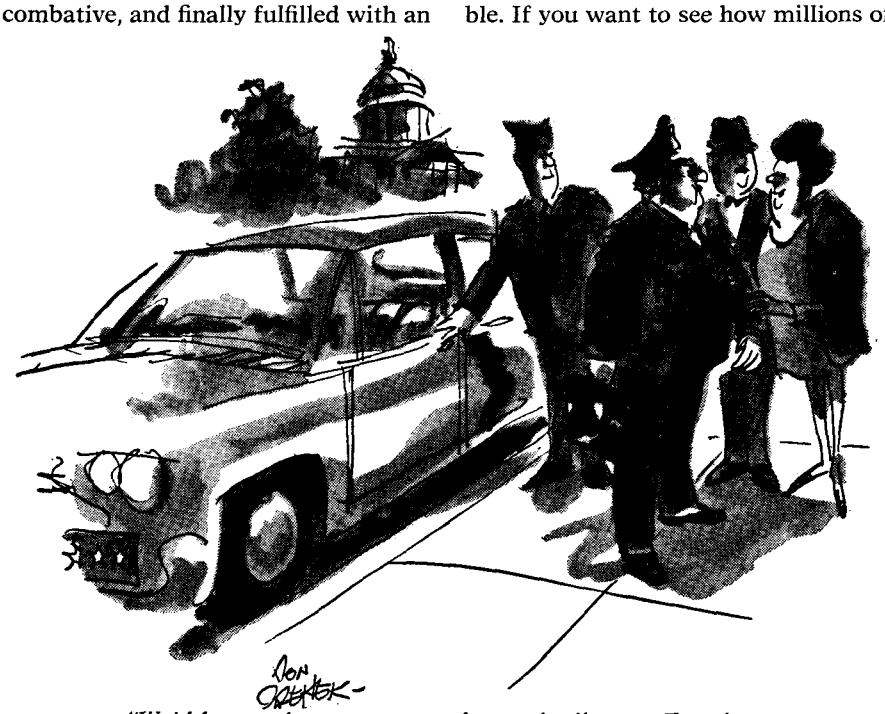
Of course, a performance like this requires a firm foundation, and fortunately *Me, Natalie* has a first-class script by the improbably named A. Martin Zweiback. It's concise, literate, and funny, as well as keenly attuned to the style and idiom of genuine New Yorkese. The screenplay is particularly good in defining and developing the relationship between Natalie and her doting mother. Like most mothers, Natalie's can't help trying to interfere in her daughter's affairs. On the surface she agrees with the proposition that children should lead their own lives, but in her heart she knows exactly what she wants Natalie to do—which is to settle down in Brooklyn with a nice plodder for a husband. Natalie has other ideas, and the turning point in the film comes when she is finally able to tell her mother, "You can't be happy for me—and I don't want to be miserable for you."

The backgrounds provided by art director George Jenkins are impeccable. If you want to see how millions of New Yorkers live, study the apartment in which Natalie has grown up. The smudgy green walls, the iron railings and sculptured pillars, the stained-glass windows and ornamental sconces, the loosely slipcovered sofa and scalloped maple bed, the see-through cabinet for good glassware, the cramped kitchen with its antiquated stove and huge new refrigerator side by side—all combine to convey the quintessence of middle-income Brooklyn gentility. This is a far cry from the picture-windowed splendor of Manhattan's East Side, but it's considerably closer to what most New Yorkers regard as home. The scenes of Greenwich Village, where Natalie takes up her new life, are also uncommonly authentic.

Although Patty Duke rightfully dominates, the film is studded with other excellent performances. Nancy Marchand strikes a fine balance between solicitude and domination as the mother; Elsa Lanchester makes a deliciously orotund landlady; and Bob Balaban is drolly square and goggle-eyed as the pimply young optometrist thrust upon Natalie by well-meaning parents. James Farentino, the man in Natalie's life, seems rather too tentative to be convincing either as successful architect, frustrated artist, or smitten lover, but this is a minor blemish in an otherwise finely crafted film. I know that we've already had a surfeit of movies about young people trying to "find themselves," but this one is well above the general run.

Blemishes—big ones—abound in *Stiletto*, and the only excuse for mentioning it here is to cite it as a pluperfect and horrid example of a film that should never have been made. Harold Robbins was responsible for the novel from which the screenplay derives, and one must charitably assume that it makes more sense in the reading than it does in the seeing. The dramatis personae include sundry members of the Mafia (why do they invariably win out in the end?), a dashing car dealer who is also a compulsive knifer-in-the-back, a foolishly ineffective FBI man, and various classy dames who purportedly belong to the international jet set. However, the film is half over before one can even begin to sort them all out, and the confused script and inept direction never succeed in making their motivations clear. To add revulsion to obfuscation, the screen is periodically sullied with scenes of sickening violence. Avoid it at all costs.

Incidentally, Britt Ekland is cast as the girl friend of a man on the Mafia's most-wanted list. This is precisely the part she played in one of the Italian films presented at Cannes this spring. You'd think it might get tiresome.



"We'd love to have you come for cocktails next Tuesday . . . and, oh, you're welcome to bring your army."

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An essay review of "Robert Kennedy: A Memoir," by Jack Newfield (Dutton, 318 pp., $6.95)

Link Between the New Politics and the Old

by GLORIA STEINEM

On that long bad day last summer when Robert Kennedy's body lay in state at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, one of the friends standing honor guard beside the coffin was Senator George McGovern. His turn over, McGovern stayed on to watch the silent stream of mourners, and four more Kennedy friends now taking their turn at vigil: Mayor Richard Daley and his sons.

No one saw the irony then, two months before Chicago, that McGovern, Senator Abraham Ribicoff, and two other dove Senators should be replaced by a man soon to personify much they disliked and wanted to change. But McGovern remembers watching Daley stand, head bowed, over the coffin; his face growing red with emotion, the cords of his neck standing out uncontrollably just as they did again when he shook his fist and yelled obscenities at Ribicoff on the convention floor. Only this time, Daley was crying. His big-hearted, fighting Irish friend was dead, and he was crying.

When I heard that story, I remembered another that reporters told among themselves after the funeral; one that is documented in this book. Late at night, when Kennedy's body had just been brought back from Los Angeles and only a handful of friends and journalists were scattered around the shadowy pews of St. Patrick's, the tie-less, shaggy-haired figure of Tom Hayden was seen seated alone. And he was crying too. Revolutionary, founder of SDS, empathic visitor to Hanoi, organizer in Newark's black ghetto (and, as described by Jack Newfield, who was in the church, too, "an apostate Catholic, with a green cap from Havana sticking out of his pants pocket"), Hayden was mourning the death of a political leader he often disagreed with, but one—perhaps the only one—he and others like him could talk to.

So in Chicago, Tom Hayden, who had been discussing with Kennedy ways to keep blood from flowing in the streets, became the young leader most harassed, followed, and threatened with death by Daley's police. Since then his radical and compassionate philosophy has become more hospitable to violence then it ever was before. As for Daley, some of his worst enemies believe he would have called off his forces had someone he trusted told him (as Humphrey would not) about the real police-rioting and head-crackings going on in the street. ("He's a repressive politician," said an anguished McCarthy delegate, "but he's not a monster.") Without a candidate who could and would talk back, without that feisty little Irishman who could *win*, Daley isolated himself more and more. Now his political future and personal pride depend on casting the Tom Haydens of the world as The Enemy.

This is the loss Jack Newfield is writing about: the one potential President both Tom Hayden and Dick Daley would talk to and mourn for; the man who, in the last year or so of his life, became an emotional, intellectual, and activist link between the New Politics and the Old. "Robert Kennedy was the one politician of his time," Newfield writes, "who might have united the black and white poor into a new majority for change—and American liberalism hardly noticed."

The lack of notice, of understanding and recognition on the part of middle-class, educated, "liberal" Americans clearly frustrated and angered Newfield. The purpose of this memoir is to

GLORIA STEINEM, a free-lance writer and contributing editor of New York Magazine, worked in both the McCarthy and Robert Kennedy campaigns.

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29 "The Unredeemed: Anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union," by Ronald I. Rubin

30 "Franklin D. Roosevelt and Foreign Affairs, Vols. II and III," edited by Edgar B. Nixon

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delineate Kennedy's proper place in history; to block out that "mistaken public image of Robert Kennedy created by the simplified and static reporting of mass media" and replace it with the flesh-and-blood man who was his friend. "The Kennedy," advisor Fred Dutton once said, "with soul."

Newfield does this very well, especially when documenting Kennedy's appeal to all the poor, from militant black to backlash white.

Unlike the issue-oriented intellectuals who were confounded when McCarthy voters switched to Nixon, or Kennedy voters to Wallace, Newfield perceived from the beginning the power of class and character and heart. (Perhaps not such a bad thing as the issue-oriented fear. "A candidate's speeches tell me what he did yesterday, or today," explained a former Clean-for-Eugene medical student who had switched to Nixon. "His character tells me what he'll do tomorrow.")

Nixon and McCarthy, however far apart their political positions, came across as cool, *laissez-faire*, middle-class men who valued reason, education, and a certain decorum. (McCarthy's bridge-building to the young on the issue of Vietnam was irreplaceable but, as David Riesman pointed out, it led most effectively to the children of the white middle class.) Kennedy and Wallace, on the other hand, shared a "hot" style that came across less well on the cool medium of television. They valued experience, emotion, and action; and seemed to be, if not presently working class, at least aware of what life among the working classes was all about.

"The Kennedy with soul."

Of course, Kennedy won support with hope; Wallace, with fear. But those voters who switched from one to the other seemed to prefer a communication of their real fears to no communication at all.

Newfield explores this Kennedy phenomenon in chapters on his politics ("Beyond Liberalism") and his primary victory in Indiana. "When Kennedy used the phrase, 'my people,'" Newfield explains, "he meant Negroes, or Catholics, or children, and not liberals or intellectuals." Kennedy himself explained his appeal to poor whites, in spite of his identification with the much-feared blacks, by remarking that he was "shanty Irish" and Eugene McCarthy "lace-curtain Irish."

"You know," Kennedy told Newfield in Indiana, "I've come to the conclusion that poverty is closer to the root of the problem than color. I think there has to be a new kind of coalition to keep the Democratic Party going, and to keep the country together....We have to write off the unions and the South now, and replace them with Negroes, blue-collar whites, and the kids. If we can do that, we've got a chance to do something. We have to convince the Negroes and poor whites that they have common interests. If we can reconcile those two hostile groups, and then add the kids, we can really turn this country around."

In that kind of revelatory quote lies much of this book's value. Unlike most Kennedy biographers, Newfield has relied very little on Popular Wisdom or secondhand research. He followed Kennedy for the last twenty months of his life, copiously filled ten notebooks and, having come to criticize and stayed to find a remarkable kinship with his subject, he managed to be around at a lot of crucial moments, large and small.

Such as Kennedy's first acquaintance with the Dump-LBJ movement, initiated by Al Lowenstein, and his evaluation, even before he had been directly asked to run: "I would have a problem if I ran first against Johnson. People would say that I was splitting the party out of ambition and envy. No one would believe that I was doing it because of how I felt about Vietnam and poor people."

Or Newfield noticing, as he sat next to Kennedy on a plane, that his eyes skipped over newspaper articles about his brother's assassination. ("All of November is a bad month for him," a friend says, and Kennedy's lack of interest in any of the Warren Commission exposés suddenly seems plausible.)

Or Kennedy in a crowd, stopping suddenly to talk to a little girl wearing glasses. "'You know something?' he blurted out, 'My little girl has glasses just like yours. And I love my little girl very much.' Then he squeezed the back of the girl's neck, because he was better expressing affection through action than words."

Or his reply to Newfield's question on what he might have become had he not been born a Kennedy: "Perhaps a juvenile delinquent or a revolutionary." ("The young especially," Newfield remarks, "saw in him, the qualities they most easily identified with—youth, dissent, authenticity, alienation, even inarticulateness . . . the same incongruous combination of toughness, humor, and sensitivity they saw in other generational cult figures like Belmondo, Dylan, and Bogart.")

Newfield's forthright personal involvement with Kennedy puts this book more in the tradition of English memoirs, and less in that of American journalistic biographies. Given the controversy surrounding this Kennedy, perhaps more than any other, the personal view is a good thing. So-called objective journalists—even some very good ones, like William Shannon in *The Heir Apparent*—have seemed more preoccupied with proving their objectivity than with telling us who Robert Kennedy was. Thus his early involvement with Joe McCarthy is juxtaposed darkly with his later civil rights activity as if to say, "See how I'm not being taken in by a glamorous Kennedy"; but we are never told how he got from one to the other.

Jack Newfield tries hard to convey Kennedy's capacity for growth and change—not an easy thing, since his changes flowed from action, instinct, and experience: a non-theoretical mode that Newfield has dubbed "sensual politics"—but he is successful because he was there. He tells us that Kennedy arrived at his poor white-black coalition, for instance, not through theory or logic, but through empathizing with the needs of both; through discovering that they both had the same emotional reaction to him. We believe him, because he saw it.

A fault of the book is that Newfield doesn't trace this "sensual politics" back far enough. Having disliked Robert Kennedy from afar during his brother's Administration, Newfield assumes that Jack Kennedy's death was "the classic identity crisis most of us go through during adolescence." For the Robert Kennedy who existed before that, Newfield is willing to accept most of the media clichés.

Though I began to re-evaluate Kennedy no earlier than Newfield, and was just as disapproving of him before 1963, there is probably evidence to prove us both partly wrong. Kennedy was, for instance, the advisor most in favor of appointing Stevenson supporters to high posts in his brother's Ad-

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ministration, and not "punishing" them. "As Attorney General," Newfield writes, "Kennedy was not a partisan of the civil rights movement during its early Southern and integrationist days." Perhaps not as partisan as some of us hoped. But, from the day he saw Negroes attacked by police dogs ("sensual politics" again), Kennedy was the man in that Administration most responsible for pushing civil rights as a moral issue on his cooler, less Puritanical brother.

In *The Next Kennedy* by Margaret Laing, an English writer whose book was outdated by Kennedy's Presidential campaign, and was never widely reviewed, the "sensual politics" theory is carried back further. Miss Laing documents at least two "sensual" events that occurred between the time that RFK was assisting Joe McCarthy (diamond-in-the-rough friend of Joe Kennedy, Sr., and the godfather of Bobby and Ethel's first child) and Kennedy's later tolerance toward what J. Edgar Hoover termed "subversives": First, his instant dislike for the persona and methods of Roy Cohn. (They got into a fist fight in the hall outside the Army-McCarthy hearings.) And, second, a trip he took at the age of twenty-nine (just after working for McCarthy) through Asia and the Soviet Union with Supreme Court Justice Douglas. Not only did Kennedy discover that the trees weren't Communist trees, but when he became very ill a Communist doctor stayed up three days and nights to save his life.

However, these events are only earlier proofs of the man Newfield picks up after Jack Kennedy's death; the first three chapters of his book, devoted to Robert Kennedy's character, are still convincing.

The next chapters on Kennedy's politics are somewhat less convincing, especially the occasional forcing of his views into currently correct positions of a radical consciousness and/or the New Left. (It is often mentioned as a positive virtue, for instance, that Kennedy skipped the dreaded stage of liberalism, and actually disliked liberals.) The book does not provide enough documentation for Kennedy's belief that Eugene McCarthy would have been a poor President, or for his disdain of the Reform Democrats in New York. Newfield shares these feelings, as do I. For the sake of all three of us, I'm sorry he doesn't amplify McCarthy's voting record, or include his statements that "well-educated people support me," or elaborate on the self-devourings of some Reformers.

There is one riddle I would like cleared up in the next edition. If Kennedy aides Peter Edelman and Adam

(*Continued on page 53*)

THE WARREN COURT:
A Critical Analysis

edited by Richard H. Sayler, Barry B. Boyer, and Robert E. Gooding, Jr.
Chelsea House, 262 pp., $7.95

EARL WARREN'S RETIREMENT as Chief Justice of the United States has occasioned a spate of books and articles on "the Warren Court." This one is a collection of ten articles originally published in the December 1968 issue of the *Michigan Law Review* (of which Richard Sayler, Barry Boyer, and Robert Gooding were the principal editors), to which have been added a preface by Leon Friedman of Chelsea House, an essay by Anthony Lewis of *The New York Times* on Earl Warren himself, and an appendix containing the Court's decisions in the three cases Warren considers to have been the most significant during his tenure.

Is—or has there been—such a thing as "the Warren Court"? If so, what is it? If the phrase is taken to signify nothing more than the period comprising Warren's years in office, of course the answer to the first question is easy and affirmative, and the second calls for a description of the work and impact of the Court as an institution since 1953, when Warren took the oath. That is the approach taken by the former Solicitor-General, Archibald Cox, in his book, also called *The Warren Court*, published last year.

But as commonly used "the Warren Court" surely signifies more than chronology. We do not refer to "the Vinson Court" or "the Stone Court." We do not even speak of "the Hughes Court," despite the great intellectual and political eminence of Charles Evans Hughes and the exciting events that took place in and around the Court while he was Chief Justice. Indeed, if one were to use such an expression, one would have to say that there were at least two "Hughes Courts," for certainly the "nine old men" of the early Thirties were quite different from the Court at the time of Hughes's resignation in 1941, with its six Roosevelt appointees including Black, Frankfurter, Douglas, and Murphy. But we do speak of a "Warren Court," and this book goes far toward telling us why.

Of the eleven essays included here, eight are by law professors, two by journalists who have specialized in reporting the Court's doings, and one by a practicing lawyer. Seven examine particular areas of judicial decision-making: reapportionment of electoral districts, racial desegregation, criminal procedure, church-state questions, free-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF GROWN-UPS

It's no surprise that some of the best-known verses for children—or adopted by children—were written by some of the best-known poets. Myra DeChaine of Claremont, Calif., wonders how many you can place. The nursery library is on page 40.

1. There was a little turtle./He lived in a box. ( )
2. There was a little girl/Who had a little curl
   Right in the middle of her forehead. ( )
3. The green bug sleeps in the white lily ear.
   The red bug sleeps in the white magnolia. ( )
4. What does little birdie say
   In her nest at peep of day? ( )
5. Who has seen the wind?/Neither you nor I. ( )
6. Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
   Sing me a song, oh, please! ( )
7. He prayeth best, who loveth best
   All things both great and small. ( )
8. Be kind and tender to the Frog,
   And do not call him names. ( )
9. Sound the flute!/Now 'tis mute. ( )
10. Three jolly gentlemen,/In coats of red,
    Rode their horses/Up to bed. ( )

a. Hilaire Belloc
b. William Blake
c. S. T. Coleridge
d. Walter de la Mare
e. Vachel Lindsay
f. H. W. Longfellow
g. Amy Lowell
h. Christina Rossetti
i. Carl Sandburg
j. Alfred Tennyson

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dom of speech, labor law, and antitrust law. John P. Mackenzie of *The Washington Post* contributes an excellent piece on the Court's press relations and the problems of reporting its actions accurately and communicating their significance to the lay public. The remaining three essays deal more generally with the Court as an institution and Warren as Chief Justice.

One thing clearly emerges from this spectrum of comment: Earl Warren's contribution to the work of his Court, be it deemed large or small, has not been the product of legal scholarship or intellectual power. He has been highly pragmatic, a man of action rather than of ideas, as Anthony Lewis rightly observes in the leading essay. He has been impatient and ill at ease with conceptual problems, and probably insufficiently sensitive to the values of continuity and analytical integrity. As an opinion writer he has not been notable, and his most famous effort, in *Brown vs. Board of Education* (the school desegregation case), has been more widely praised for its conclusion than for its style. In the history of law as a discipline and a profession Warren's name will not rank with those of Black, Frankfurter, or several others who have graced the bench during his tenure.

All this is common ground among the several contributors, though all agree that Warren's Court has been a force for change—for "revolution," as Lewis puts it—far bolder and further-reaching than ever before in the Court's history. But Warren's share of responsibility for the Court's impact on our times is the focus of sharp dispute between Lewis and Philip B. Kurland (professor of law at the University of Chicago), who writes the concluding essay, "Earl Warren, the 'Warren Court,' and the Warren Myths."

For Mr. Lewis "the legal revolution could not have taken place without Earl Warren" because he "saw the movement and put behind it the weight of his character and position and public reputation." For Professor Kurland, on the other hand, "There is no evidence that Warren's influence has extended beyond the power of the one vote that is conferred upon him as a member of the Court."

In this reviewer's opinion neither of these views hits the nail squarely on the head, and the truth lies not in between but somewhere to the side. The Truman appointees, Vinson, Minton, and Burton, with Stone, Rutledge, and Murphy retiring, swung the Court into a passive phase. Probably unwittingly President Eisenhower, by his selections of Warren and Brennan to replace Vinson and Minton, restored a considera-

(*Continued on page* 30)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Overlapping Technology

THE FIELD OF EDUCATION has enough problems without adding to them. David Dempsey's piece "Humanist Wedges to Learning" [*SR*, July 12] is a good case in point.

"Books," Mr. Dempsey writes, "are the 'software' in an educational process that is becoming increasingly 'hardened' by audio-visual aids, teaching machines, field work and the retrieval of computerized information." His poetical imagery goes beyond his editorial license in this issue.

Paper-making and typesetting machines are just as "hard" as cameras and film. As a matter of fact, book production has reached an overlapping technology with motion pictures. A complete book can now be processed from the images on a single piece of film. The "software" in both media are the thinking and creative capacities of the men who program the "hardware."

Is the table of contents or the index of a book, or the card index of a library any more than "hardware" for the retrieval of information? A "technological society" has simply devised improved methods for retrieving more complicated information.

JOSEPH KENAS,
New York, N.Y.

Heeded Wisdom

THE REVIEW OF *Vietnam: The Origins of Revolution*, by John T. McAlister, Jr. [*SR*, May 31] includes the following comment: "That McAlister's knowledge and wisdom have been unheeded by policy-makers for the past decade can perhaps best be explained as one more tragic example of the 'arrogance of power.' " The writer perhaps did not know that Dr. McAlister testified before J. W. Fulbright and the other members of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations on March 7, 1968. The committee listened to Dr. McAlister's testimony very closely and asked penetrating questions on U.S. policy options and the importance of the political dimension in relation to the military. Thus, in this instance at least, Dr. McAlister's wisdom did not go unheeded. The minutes of the hearing were printed by the Government Printing Office, as part of "The Nature of Revolution," *Hearings* before the Committee on Foreign Relations.

PENELOPE STAFFORD,
Arlington, Va.

Properly Labeled

I AM WRITING to congratulate Joseph Haas on his review of Noah Gordon's *The Death Committee* [*SR*, July 5]. At a time when the novel is not enjoying a great deal of support from dedicated authors, it is a pleasure to see a reviewer properly label the works of an author as poor. Mr. Gordon insulted the reading public with his first novel and, had he entitled it anything other than *The Rabbi*, it would have gathered dust on book sellers' shelves.

HOWARD A. SIMON,
Baltimore, Md.

Whither the Entwives

IN REPLY TO JOAN GRISWOLD [Book Forum, July 5], according to Tolkien in *The Two Towers*, the Ents and the Entwives drifted apart, the Entwives cultivating the fields across the Great River, the Ents wandering in the Fangorn Woods. After the Darkness descended over the Brown Lands of the Entwives, the Ents came in search of them, but they had gone, and the war had burned and uprooted their fields. Some said they had seen the Entwives going north, some said they had traveled south, or east, to the sea; they were never found.

KATHY KEARNEY,
Oakland, Me.

IT IS SAFE TO ASSUME that the Ents were never successful in their search for the Entwives. After the fall of Sauron and the end of the Third Age on Middle Earth, the Fourth Age, or the age of the rule of Men, began. The Ents, even Treebeard, probably became more and more "treeish" and eventually all disappeared; or what is even more likely, at least after the reign of Aragorn, they were chopped down and destroyed by Men.

ARTHUR METZGER,
Cincinnati, O.

THE ENTWIVES WERE NEVER FOUND, and Aragorn's hint that they may dwell in Eastern Middle-Earth (vol. III, p. 320) remains the only information about them. However, Professor Tolkien may explain the Entwives' disappearance in his *Silmarillion*, a book about the First Age of Middle-Earth, which is now eagerly awaited by Tolkien addicts throughout the civilized world.

My own hunch is that the Entwives live in the forest just east of the Sea of Rhun, shown on all maps of Middle-Earth.

J. BARRY BROOKNER,
East Point, Ga.

WE CAN FIND but one explanation of where they went and what may have happened to them. Fangorn thought that the Entwives would have liked the Shire (II g4 Ballantine). Also, in *The Fellowship of the Ring* (p. 73) Sam tells of "elm trees" seen walking in the north. It seems pretty clear they went near the Shire, but we don't know what happened to them, nor whether the Ents ever found them. Indeed, there was a prophecy that they would re-unite only when they would have lost everything they had.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

Aiming through his telescopic lens, a demented young man on the terrace of a New York skyscraper kills several pedestrians on the sidewalks far below. One of his victims, a student New Leftist named Adam, is immediately selected for the world's first human brain transplant by a group of American surgeons.

This is the dramatic premise of Daniel Sueiro's prize-winning novel, *Corte de corteza* (here, "grafting of appearance"), published by Alfaguara, Madrid-Barcelona. The Galician author, born in 1931, has already won two prizes for his fantastic and original stories. In *Corte* he surpasses himself. He pictures the moral issues and the disastrous chain effects of this first cerebral transplant. Adam's brain is transferred to the body of David Davis, whose well-ordered character and personality change to that of a radical. The surgeons, who are endowed by the author with such forms of hubris as atheism, drunkenness, and ambition, exhibit their new man proudly, much as Charlie was exhibited in Daniel Keyes's novel *Flowers for Algernon*. Sueiro also calls into question a number of other current scientific goals, especially the cure of cancer through freezing.

The transplant raises an inevitable quarrel between religion (Father Lucini) and science (Dr. Castro). Says the priest: "It is as if you were trying to take the soul from his body and implant it in someone else. But the soul doesn't belong to you. It belongs only to God. Contrition and remorse will gnaw your hearts eternally from this day forward. . . God's sword will fall one day or another on your pride." In general Sueiro takes the Christian-traditionalist side. In satirizing the onrush of science he gets in many a dig at America's elastic ethics, immorality, and immaturity. His book is doing very well in a Spain so conservative that only this year has Ignazio Silone's *Bread and Wine* appeared there, thirty-three years after it was published.

On the heels of Dieter Wellerhoff's narrative of panic flight, *Schattengrenze*, reported in these columns, comes another, lengthier work with the same theme: veteran Ulrich Becher's *Murmeljagd* (Marmot Hunt), published by Rowohlt. Born in Berlin (1910), Becher fled to Austria in 1933, only to continue his odyssey in 1938 via Switzerland, France, and Spain. He became a dedicated anti-Fascist, fighting Hitlerism through his plays as his friend George Grosz (who illustrated Becher's verse-tales *Reise zum blauen Tag*) fought it through his art. Like Zweig, Becher went to Brazil, where he composed his grotesque drama *Samba*, exposing several European political refugees to the frenetic and gay Brazil of carnivaltide. After 1945 he lived briefly in New York, where he collaborated with the Austrian Peter Preses on a farce against Hitlerism in Austria that is evocative of Hasek's *Good Soldier Schweik* and can stand comparison with Brecht's version of the Schweik theme. Becher now resides in Basel.

Becher's first novel reflects his own checkered life. Trebla, a Viennese journalist and activist in the Socialist party, has to flee just prior to the *Heimkehr* ("homecoming") of his country into the German Reich. Yet even those who get away cannot escape the dreadful *Totentanz*, and Trebla, branded the "Red Baron," is convinced that agents are being sent to Switzerland to liquidate him. The authorities of his host country become suspicious of him, and he of them. An obsession with death permeates the book; but Trebla survives his four-week exile in Switzerland. Although Becher has not achieved the international status of his fellow-exile Brecht, his plays, like Brecht's, are well received in both zones of Germany. Perhaps with this epic novel he will succeed in exorcising the haunting memories that inform the vast majority of his writings.

Though Witold Gombrowicz is the best known and the most exciting of them, there are a number of Polish writers in exile who are keeping alive a tradition of creative freedom. These include the novelists Zofia Romanowicz and Tadeusz Nowalowski and the poets Jan Rostworowski and Boleslaw Taborski. None is more active than Marian Pankowski (born 1918), who works in both prose and verse. His experiences under Hitlerism were even more harrowing than Becher's. Seized by the Germans in September 1939, he escaped and returned to join the Polish resistance. Again arrested by the Gestapo in 1942, he was sent to four successive concentration camps, including Auschwitz and Bergen-Belsen. He finally escaped to Brussels, where he now teaches at the University.

Pankowski's works only occasionally reflect his war experiences, and even then without polemicism. Like Gombrowicz, whose writing he admires, he remains witty and ironic—even bawdy—while preoccupied with "Polishness." In addition to a volume of nostalgic prose recalling childhood in Carpathia, a biography of the Polish poet Lesmian, short stories, plays, and translations, Pankowski has composed a novel held in great critical esteem, *Matuga Idzie* (Footloose Matuga). Cynical Vladi Matuga, like Pankowski a "graduate" of Gross-Rosen concentration camp, wanders about Western Europe after the war trying to shake off his fascination for his homeland, called Patatonia, "that vast country that lives on potatoes."

Pankowski's most recent dramatic work, *Teatrowanie nad Swietym Barszczem* (Christmas Soup Play), returns to the concentration camp theme. Memory-ridden members of an association of former prisoners reconstruct miniature concentration camps as a moral lesson for the younger generation, only to become embittered when the youngsters could not care less. Thus Pankowski mocks one of the fetishes of the hierarchs of the Eastern Communist democracies, who are constantly upbraiding youth for refusing to accept the sacrifices and myths of

"There's someone answering your description at the Morgue. I suppose I ought to say it isn't you."

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the older generation. The great Belgian playwright Michel de Ghelderode, who praised *Matuga* as a "poignant tale beneath which poetry courses like a somber undercurrent," would, if alive today, find *Teatrowanie* to his taste.

An even more important exiled writer is Eugene Ionesco, although Communist Rumania has long since forgiven him his surrealism and literature of the absurd. On receiving the Prix Littéraire de Monaco the other day, he was called upon to make a few appropriate remarks. He spoke briefly on the inadequacy of literature to the dilemmas of the present.

Ionesco began by asking aloud how he could continue to write when atrocities pullulate around the world. The fact that "it's always been so" is no consolation, nor is the fact that nobody's hands are completely clean: Well-fed and well-dressed Vietcong diplomats enjoy Paris while their forces continue aggression; American aircraft mutilate women and children; young Israelis overreact with violence; liberated African colonies turn to genocide; Russia stifles Prague, etc. Man is little better than the murderous micro-organisms in a drop of water or blood on a microscope slide. Man's espousals of nonviolence are short-lived, occurring usually when nations are resting up from their periods of massacre. Man's plans to reform the system lead only to a vicious circle. With the world in such a convulsive state, writers' efforts are about as ineffective as if they were pasting postage stamps in an album. Their literary discussions seem singularly irrelevant:

"Literature with or without its formalist problems, with or without structuralist, psychoanalytic, historical, sociological, or linguistic methods — all this seems little more than schoolchildren's games." Ionesco closes without a solution, without optimism but with an effusive crescendo, an appeal for unrelenting intensity and relevancy:

> Literature is not up to the task. What shall we do? For literature exists and always has. What shall we do? It apparently fulfills a function. It does so badly. The problem is how to fulfill it well. Literature must stun, must be the stupefaction of being . . . It must be ardent, intense, primordially stunning, like a conflagration, even more powerful than the holocaust around us, stronger than our fixed ideas, stronger than our *joies de vivre*, our sorrows, and our deaths.

Ionesco falls once again into the old thought-pattern of his theater of the absurd. He compounds and amasses the ridiculous elements of our society, just as on the stage he multiplies eggs, chairs, rhinoceroses. Yet as always the solution must be found by the public.

Personal History

DIARY BY E.B.B.:
The Unpublished Diary of Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, 1831-1832

edited by Philip Kelley and Ronald Hudson
Ohio University Press, 358 pp., $15

AS AN EXAMPLE OF EDITING this volume meets every requirement of the most fastidious modern scholar. It would be superfluous to visit the Berg Collection in search of the original manuscript if all one wanted was the certainty of perfect accuracy in noting alterations, omissions, curiosities of spelling, underlinings (from one to five lines, depending on the degree of emphasis Elizabeth Barrett desired). Students of her style—in the widest meaning of the term—or of her character can find here all the help that a close study of the manuscript could yield. Excellent appendices supply the letter, poem or essay referred to in the journal. Seven differently shaped brackets signify deletions, additions, alterations, interlining, physical damage to the manuscript, editorial interjections in the text. Some may sigh for a return to the simplicities of earlier editing; perhaps no method can be found of pleasing at once the student and the ordinary reader. But the admirable "psychoanalytical observations" by Dr. Robert Coles will surely give pleasure to both.

Elizabeth Barrett was living in a Jane Austen world into which she did not fit as well as Jane (about whose novels, as she would later tell Browning, she could not understand the fuss). She was far less humorous, not at all detached, far more intellectual, moody and intense. "They have," she writes despairingly of her family, "clearer ideas of the aristocracy of rank and wealth than of the aristocracy of mind." And in another entry: "Finished the Andromache. I have now read every play of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. I must go quite through with Pindar next." No wonder she was employed by her "dear Papa" to teach Latin and Greek to her younger brothers!

But she would devour *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, too, "being a worshiper of Mrs. Radcliffe." Or again, "by way of distracting Georgie and myself from Homer, I let out my squirrel. He leaped up into the air and climbed my bookcase and performed so many tight rope maneuvers that I was inclined to wish him to be tight again." Not squirrels only delighted her, but "the summit of the Herefordshire beacon" where, "with the rain and wind and height and sight, I grew altogether inebriated." "Quoth Mr. Davis to Sam

Elizabeth Barrett: "I cannot bear to be treated coldly."

'What immense spirits your sister has'! Ah if he knew!—But I felt *then* as if I were ten years old." She was in fact twenty-five.

The first part of the *Diary* belongs to 1831, the second to 1832. This half has suffered from an attack on the text made almost certainly by George Barrett in the interests of the nineteenth-century mania for privacy which possessed Elizabeth's husband and brother alike. Not lines only but entire pages are excised beyond recovery, so that we do not achieve the fullness of intimacy offered by the *Diary* as Elizabeth wrote it.

Yet there is an unvarying intensity throughout: joy in air and light, in books and friendships, blanketing and overwhelming boredom with country neighbors, anguish over the forthcoming sale of her home, Hope End, over coolness from friends or displeasure from members of her family, whose emotional temperatures she is always taking. She laughs and cries, rides and runs ("in my allegro style"), goes to bed exhausted, struggles (not always successfully) with hysteria. "I am not of a cold nature and cannot bear to be treated coldly. When cold water is thrown upon hot iron, the iron *hisses*."

Little Greek could be read on a Sunday: "Driving to Church—driving back again — driving to Chapel — driving back again—and prayers three times a day at home besides." One might fancy this would sicken her with religion, yet "Nothing quite exhilarates me but prayer"; this, however, was her private prayer, combined with reading of many Bible chapters daily. Pages are filled with struggles to avoid dining and tea-drinking with all the neighbors her family liked, and with her own efforts to get the small carriage denominated "the wheelbarrow" to take her instead to Malvern, where

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dwelt the blind scholar Hugh Stuart Boyd, twenty-five years her senior. Her relationship with him was curious, a sort of cerebral passion. No one else *ought* to read Greek to him; she must stand alone as his intellectual partner. His daughter and wife she only tolerated — "empty-minded, without real sensibility." If this recalls one Jane Austen novel, another is brought to mind when Mr. Barrett behaves exactly like Sir Walter Kellynch in *Persuasion*: he had put Hope End on the market, but "would not make himself a party to its being shown."

The *Diary* was brought to an end, as Elizabeth later told Richard Hengist Horne, "in a crisis of self-disgust." She badly needed the then unknown Robert Browning—at this time almost twenty and telling us in *Pauline* how he came to terms with his own life.

Maisie Ward

Maisie Ward is the author of "Robert Browning and His World."

MAO TSE-TUNG

by Robert Payne
Weybright & Talley, 342 pp., $10

CHIANG KAI-SHEK

by Robert Payne
Weybright & Talley, 338 pp., $10

I DON'T BELIEVE ROBERT PAYNE EXISTS. I really don't.

I suppose that somewhere in a book-lined office there is an extraordinary writing machine, with long, gray hair and piercing eyes, which satisfies a self-imposed quota of producing at least one readable book every eighteen months. Sometimes, two books. But, for the sake of the sanity of other "writing machines" who can manage only one literary offspring every five years—if then, I hope the machine named Payne is not alive and well and living in Westchester, thank you. It would be so discouraging.

Take, for example, the two books he has just written. Granted, one is an update—his admiring biography of Mao Tse-tung, brought down through the "Cultural Revolution"—but even updating takes time and effort and talent. And the other—an unadmiring biography of Chiang Kai-shek—is wholly new. That certainly takes time and effort and talent. No doubt the scholar on modern China will find a number of deficiencies in both biographies: a certain quality of glibness that occasionally seeps into Payne's works, a weakness in documentation; but the intelligent, involved layman will enjoy the books. Why not? Like all of Payne's works they are well written, broadly stroked, highly professional. Professional is what Payne is.

After World War II he was in China, plunged at the time in the final phases of a long and agonizing civil war. A fragile truce between the Nationalist forces of Chiang Kai-shek and the Communist forces of Mao Tse-tung (a rare photograph snapped in September 1945 shows Chiang and Mao toasting their common victory over Japan) was on the verge of collapse. Payne made his way from Peking to the Yenan caves, where Mao had retreated after his 6,000-mile-long march through China in the mid-1930s. Payne's description of his meeting with Mao and his analysis of Mao's poetry are easily the highlights of that biography; much of the rest is secondhand. This is not Payne's fault. Since Mao's final victory over Chiang in 1949 few Westerners have been able to get into Communist China.

But they have been able to get into Chiang's offshore island bastion of Taiwan. Unfortunately, there is little evidence in *Chiang Kai-shek* that Payne bothered to get the eyewitness impressions and firsthand experiences that so enrich his style of biography. Payne, an Englishman born in 1911, has a clear prejudice. He admires Mao; he does not admire Chiang. Mao is described as having "raised China to its greatest power"; Chiang is portrayed as a Confucian dictator who brought China to its greatest despair.

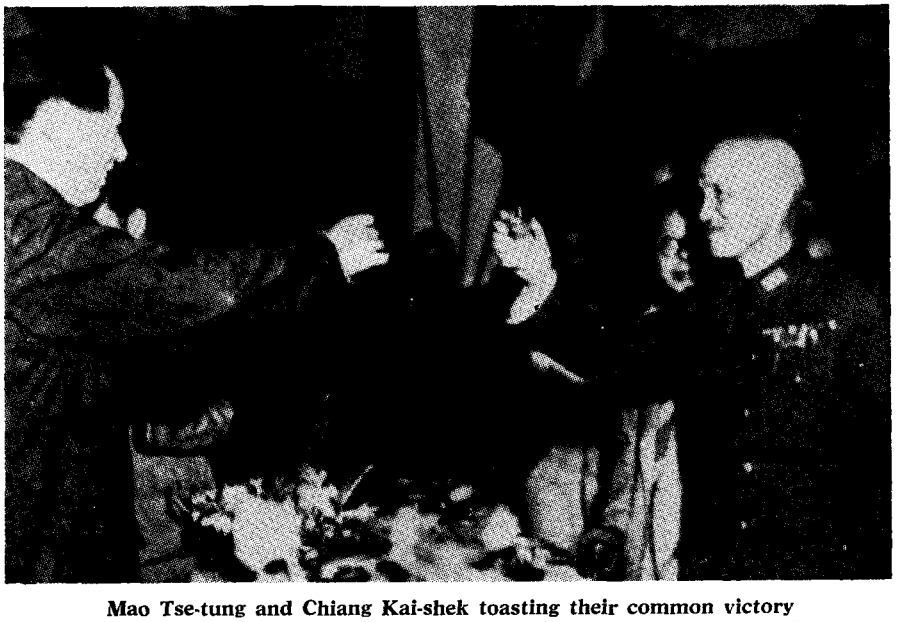
Wandering through modern China in the shadows of these two old Mandarins, the reader is treated to special tidbits of history, an account of the turmoil that has swept over the world's oldest recorded civilization, a sense of the promise of the Chinese people and of the traditions of tragedy that have hung over them like a terrible shroud. Both biographies close with brief chapters depicting two old men increasingly cut off from reality but clinging tenaciously to their respective visions of China. It is perfectly clear that until one or both of these Mandarins die, U.S. policy towards "China" cannot or will not change significantly.

Just recently, for example, the Nixon Administration decided to extend diplomatic recognition to Mongolia, once part of "greater China" and so recognized by Nationalist and Communist historians and politicians. Everyone approved of this decision—the President, Henry Kissinger, William Rogers, even Everett Dirksen, But Chiang Kai-shek did not approve, and recognition was withheld. The faded, sometimes forgotten specter of the "China Lobby" still proved powerful enough—at least, in White House eyes or imagination—to frustrate a high-level policy decision. The same specter, sustained by bureaucratic inertia and political conservatism, keeps the "open-minded" Administration of President Richard Nixon from easing policy towards mainland China.

The President talks often enough about the shape of American policy towards postwar Asia. "China" is sure to play a fundamental role, but which China? Mao's or Chiang's? Though these biographies cannot provide the answer, they will help the reader make up his own mind about which is the true one.

Marvin Kalb

Marvin Kalb, CBS News diplomatic correspondent, has just returned from two journeys to Asia, including a visit to Taiwan.



Mao Tse-tung and Chiang Kai-shek toasting their common victory over Japan—"two old men increasingly cut off from reality."

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Belles-Lettres

COLLECTED ESSAYS

by Graham Greene
Viking, 463 pp., $7.95

BEYOND ALL THIS FIDDLE: Essays 1955-1967

by A. Alvarez
Random House, 333 pp., $8.95

WRITING AGAINST TIME: Critical Essays and Reviews

by Howard Moss
Morrow, 219 pp., $5

GRAHAM GREENE POINTS OUT in one of his essays that technique is often no more than a writer's method of hiding his own deficiencies. But literary deficiencies are not limited to personality; for essayists they can reside in the very occasions of writing. Reviews, for example, which make up the bulk of these three collections, *must* deal with books that happen to be coming out. Press space is usually severely restricted. Deadline dates threaten. The tyranny of occasions must seem hydra-headed to authors like these three, all of whom are proficient in other forms (A. Alvarez and Howard Moss in poetry, Greene in many genres), but each of whom has lived with the burdens of journalistic essay-writing day by day, month after month—Greene over a span of forty years.

In a way, collections of occasional pieces are themselves deficient occasions, like using tea bags over again. There is something synthetic about them, not simply because each essay originally stood alone as a specific assignment, but because it is so hard to maintain a unified impression. Will the pieces hang together as a book? Do their mass and substance justify collection? Should some be revised? Such questions surely occurred to these three essayists, but if there is a moral in their books, it is that talent and personal force can capitalize on occasions, no matter how inconsequential.

Of the three, Greene seems least affected by the paste-up book syndrome, and perhaps for this reason his collection is the most satisfyingly successful if not the most profound. Though he tackles a few substantial subjects at length, most of his essays are extremely slight—three or four pages—often on topics of onion-skin thinness, *e.g.*, notes on Cook's Tours or Beatrix Potter. Quite justly, his approach to these is casual, at times simply whimsical or eccentric, despite displays of considerable knowledge and literary erudition. Selecting these essays (some from his earlier collection, *The Lost Childhood*) he must have measured the great distance between present-day tastes and many of his subjects—figures like Rider Haggard, Edgar Wallace, Anthony Hope, even Kipling and Stevenson. Nevertheless, that so much of his book transmits an Edwardian air—a bit antique, genteel, ingenuous—bothers him not in the least. It will not bother his reader. On the contrary, it is as if Greene always set out with one eye on his topic and the other on his own image in a mirror, and just because that image is winning, so are his essays.

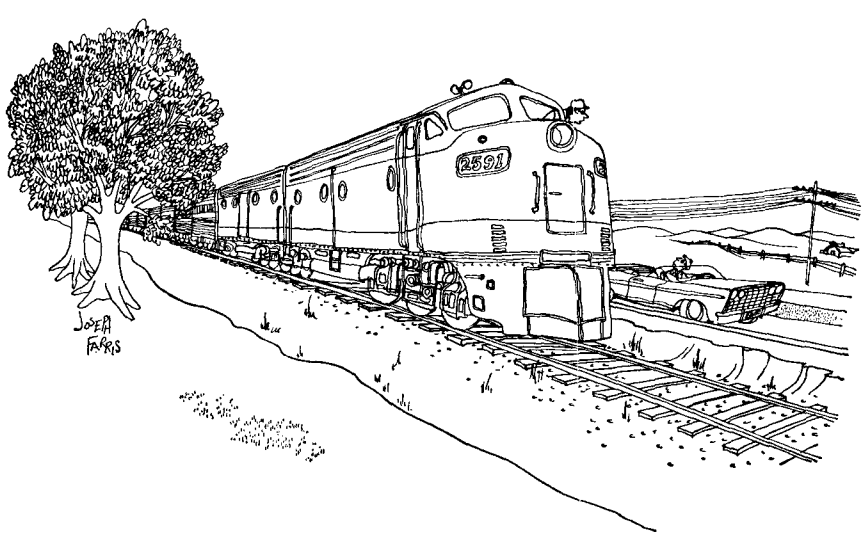
Ultimately, it may be impossible to pin down this attraction, but its presence is inescapable. Howard Moss suggests in one of his essays that certain authors inspire affection not explained by either their works or their lives, but by some "temperamental undercurrent, some invisible connection between the writer and the reader that is more available to the senses and the emotions than to the mind." He might have named Greene as such an author. In him the appeal to intellect is rarely sustained or brilliantly illuminating. With subjects as rich as Henry James and François Mauriac, Greene's tendency still is to suggest a narrow thesis that interests him, then to pursue it briefly, crisply, with flashed insights that are dimmed by other, less visible appeals to "senses and emotions": by his tone, always compassionate and fair; by the purity and ease of his style; by the importance he gives to human actions; in short, by Greene the man.

Writing about Conan Doyle, Greene notes that "it isn't easy for an author to remain a pleasant human being: both success and failure are usually of a crippling kind. There are so many opportunities for histrionics, hysterics, waywardness, self-importance." Greene never uses his essays for such opportunities; he emerges from them as a pleasant human being. He is courageous and generous in tributes to writers like Ford Madox Ford and Frederick Rolfe, resolute in his attacks ("A man," he says, "should be judged by his enmities as well as by his friendships"), curious about oddities, accurate in gauging when it is better to laugh than to ponder and fuss.

If there is any central core of thought and feeling in these essays, it is the sense of man's fundamental inadequacy, of greatness escaping his grasp. In the first essay, about his childhood reading, Greene records the moment when he suddenly realized how far the spectrum of good and evil spreads beyond black and white, and how a sense of doom lies over every success. Thereafter, battles against odds fascinate him, and his conclusion about them is the one he attributes to James: rancor, or malice, but with a virile stamina that defies inevitability. He would probably approach his essays so. No single piece, he would know, will serve hereafter as a definitive reference or will be anthologized as a masterpiece of the essay form; nor does his stature as an essayist reach that of an Orwell. But given any subject, not merely the appropriate one, and any occasion, not just those that are ideal, he is very good indeed.

The appeal of Alvarez, on the other hand, is of a totally different kind; he shares with Greene little more than British nationality and the need to rise to occasions. Greene's occasions are not at all his, for if there is any mean-

(*Continued on page 31*)



"How do you get to Grand River Junction?"

The critic, Robert Maurer, is chairman of the Literature Department at Antioch College.

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Fiction

GOING PLACES

by Leonard Michaels

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 192 pp., $4.95

LEONARD MICHAELS IS INDISPUTABLY an original talent. His stories vividly convey life as a bad dream, an inarguable but unaccountable horror, a sickening taste in the mouth that cannot be analyzed. Michaels's prose is perfectly suited to his subject, jittery and jarring. His rhythms are unpredictable: certain words seem to come at the wrong times but also seem inexplicably right, others appear to be missing but it is impossible to guess what they might be. Mr. Michaels skillfully disturbs. But where is the root of the disturbance? Mark Schorer reports that it is "the contemporary urban experience of helplessness, fumbling loss, grasping unrelatedness, absurdity, and sometimes horror." Maybe so. But more often than not the source seems to be Mr. Michaels himself, his own unique sensibility, rather than any generalized experience, urban or otherwise. Things happen because Mr. Michaels would have it so. Things happen arbitrarily, not, given a context, inevitably.

Mr. Michaels accords no deference to logic, not even to the internal logic of a dream. Which means that either the reader must be on Mr. Michaels's wave length or he must expend extraordinary efforts to get there. I am not unwilling to make whatever efforts are necessary to bridge the great gulf that separates me from Mr. Michaels's stories; but ultimately I am unable to.

Is the fault mine or Mr. Michaels's? My own experience and my own imagination are not his, and his are too peculiarly his own for me to share them. Perhaps if these were characters in a novel, perhaps if there were more time, perhaps, indeed, if that contemporary urban experience were established rather than merely assumed . . . As it is, however, I remain outside, very far outside. Maybe that is where Mr. Michaels intends me to be, but I don't relish being there.

The distance puts me on the defensive, speaks too insistently to me of my inadequacies *vis-à-vis* these stories. Which also might be Mr. Michaels's intention. But if it is, then he has made a mistake in putting his stories in a single volume. Because, after a point, I don't care. I turn from an interested into a disinterested observer. If I had read these stories over a period of time as they were published, my interest might have been renewed. But I grow weary of watching and of being frustrated.

Leonard Michaels—"skillfully disturbs."

And yet, even if I had read Mr. Michaels's stories as they came out, the result might have been the same. If Frederick Crews is right that "the perpetual casualty" in Mr. Michaels's fiction "is the will toward rationality, purposeful action, any simple emotion," then I was bound to be disappointed. There is little I can do at this point about my own will toward rationality or my own insistence on purposeful action. Mr. Michaels does not convince me I am wrong in holding to them because he does not convince me we live in the same world. He has his vision and I have mine and so we stand at a fruitless stalemate.

My dissatisfaction with Mr. Michaels's stories probably has more to do with my own peculiar deficiencies than with theirs. If the only story Mr. Michaels has to tell is that life is absurd, it is not enough for me. I am willing to grant that life is absurd, at least for argument's sake, but only as a starting point. Then I want to wonder if it *really* is or how it got that way or in what terms the absurdity might be measured or what it might be measured against.

There is my will toward rationality again. Am I asking too much? Of course I am. But Mr. Michaels gives me too little. However brilliant the techniques in his arsenal, I cannot help but wonder if the emotion that produces the same story over and over again might not be one of those "simple" ones Mr. Crews insists Mr. Michaels is arguing against.

Barry Gross

Barry Gross teaches literature at Michigan State University. For the academic year 1969-70 he will be on the faculty of the University of Lancaster in England.

LAST STOP CAMP 7

by Hans Hellmut Kirst, translated from the German by J. Maxwell Brownjohn

Coward-McCann, 320 pp., $5.95

NO CONTEMPORARY WRITER has mined the rich lode of German military lore over the past three decades with greater devotion and skill than Hans Hellmut Kirst, the authenticity of whose writings derives largely from his service as a professional soldier throughout the Nazi period. Since the inception of his successful *08/15* series (known in this country as the Gunner Asch tetralogy) in 1954, the prolific Kirst has published almost a novel a year.

In the latest of his books to appear in English, Kirst takes as his theme the tragicomedy of de-Nazification, American style, following World War II. His setting is Civil Internment Camp No. 7 at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, once a school of mountain warfare but after July 1945 the "last stop for the élite of the Third Reich," a place ironically described as "a model of American efficiency and organization" and "an all-American oasis in the middle of a desert."

The intrigues and infighting among the nearly 4,000 internees over such things as Nazi titles have their counterpart in the clash between the American camp commandant and his deputy. Tough, inflexible Frank Keller, a second-generation German-American, is convinced that all his charges are criminals and wants to run a concentration camp rather than a detention center. Ted Harte, a Counter Intelligence Corps officer and the chief interrogator, came to America as a Jewish refugee from Nazi Germany; his sardonic manner masks his sensitivity, incertitude, and agonizing sense of fairness: "What are we—liberators or bear-baiters?" Although he claims to be "itching with revenge," Harte strives to make impartial judgments.

One of the inmates, Manfred Hauser, an unregenerate Nazi, becomes the key figure in bringing all the tensions and conflicts to a head. Over a hectic forty-eight-hour period a cat-and-mouse game is played between internees and administrators, with a platinum and ruby bracelet stolen in Poland figuring prominently as the evidence needed to send Hauser to the War Crimes Tribunal. Captain Keller having been ensnared by Hauser's wife Brigitte, Harte forces the issue by goading Hauser to escape. This not only solves the Hauser case but jolts the inmates out of their suspended animation and separates the good guys from the bad ones, irrespective of nationality. Camp society is galvanized into action and

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even a kind of moral commitment that bodes well for the future.

Kirst is a past master at telling a fast-paced, gripping story in a brisk, no-nonsense style, which has been well reproduced by a competent British translator. Some of Kirst's satirical sallies really come off, and his barbs at both Americans and Germans are often well aimed. He has a flair for absurd or grotesque situations: Baron von Hagen's "ambassadorial conferences" and Sgt. Popper's squad of ex-generals; an internees' chorus welcoming a visiting colonel with the strains of *Home, Sweet Home*; Lt. Coleman's campaign for more "Gershwin and the rest of the classics"; the provost-marshal's plans for a Third Reich Revue complete with a barbershop quartet, recitations by a Nazi bard, Hitler's ex-chef playing *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?* on the accordion, and a mock lecture on "How to Cremate Jews." There are deft characterizations: the obese opportunist Laffrentz; Rolf Gernsbach, once a "degenerate dauber," now a de-Nazification specialist; and Slembeck, the phony Polish DP.

One is really of two minds about Kirst. He writes undeniably entertaining books, with just enough depth to make them mildly thought-provoking and even disturbing. Yet *Last Stop Camp 7* often seems like a pastiche of a dozen half-remembered novels, plays, movies, and TV shows. Like many of Kirst's earlier books, this one is eminently readable, filmable, and forgettable. **Harry Zohn**

Harry Zohn is co-editor of the forthcoming "Men of Dialogue: Martin Buber and Albrecht Goes."

International Scene

ANATOMY OF EUROPE

by Anthony Sampson

Harper & Row, 462 pp., $7.95

WITHIN A WEEK OF THE RESIGNATION of President Charles de Gaulle, Prime Minister Harold Wilson announced that he would renew Britain's bid to join the Common Market and move on towards a broader unity of Europe. There will be many who will rejoice at this revival of hope for a united Europe and the contribution it could make to a more balanced and peaceful world; but surely no one will rejoice more than Britain's Anthony Sampson, author of *Anatomy of Europe*. It is both a history and an essay on Europe's moves towards unity, not only politically and economically but culturally, in the widest sociological meaning of the term, in a mix of nationalism, supranationalism and transnationalism, all of which are powerful motivating forces of the new Europe.

Mr. Sampson wrote his book in the spirit of his earlier, highly successful *Anatomy of Britain*. He has a keen eye for detail, a quick, deft pen, and a charming humility that enhances an authority which he himself minimizes: "I approach the Continent not with any particular preconceptions, but rather as an inquiring traveler . . . I don't present this book as an authority about European economics or politics; but (as in *Anatomy of Britain*) I offer myself as a guide . . ."

He is a very good guide indeed. He has been everywhere in Western Europe (the book is confined to the West, to the Common Market countries) and seen almost everyone—politicians, economists, writers, television stars, bankers, merchants, trade unionists, teachers and, of course, students, who have had in Europe, as in America, so great an impact upon current affairs. Although he is interested in European society as a whole, his central theme is political and economic.

The author cites Professor Heinz Nordhoff's reflections on the importance of cars: "The automobile makes them free. It is the last little bit of freedom left to man." Twenty years ago West European factories produced only half a million cars a year, but in 1967 they produced more than nine million. Sampson, whose bright eyes miss nothing, sees beyond Nordhoff's vision of the automobile as a freedom device and notes that it has become "a lethal symbol of frustration and repressed violence." It is "an obsession with European film-makers [reaching] a new peak in Godard's *Week-End*, where a honking traffic jam develops into mass murder with a French woman eating (apparently) the flesh of an English tourist."

This blend of economic analysis and illustrations from movies, of statistics, theories, and observations from life, makes Sampson's study informative and a delight to read. He is certainly the inquiring traveler he modestly calls himself; but he is also the kind of traveler who drops in for a chat with Jean Monnet, moving spirit of the European unity movement; economist Pierre Uri; chemical engineer Etienne Hirsch; economist Robert Marjolin; Vice President of the Common Market Sicco Mansholt, and a few dozen other European leaders and authorities. He culls from the best authorities the essence of their knowledge and insights and passes it on to the reader.

Sampson opens his essay by noting that Europe has never been more than, in Metternich's phrase, "a geographical expression," despite all the attempts at identity and unity from the Roman Empire through Charlemagne, Napoleon and Hitler. "The most consistent historical fact has not been unity but a process of fragmentation which came near to total self-destruction." He then describes the early postwar drive for a new unity in the Council of Europe, with Churchill leading the chorus in the late Forties. Sampson sees in those moves "a new kind of camouflage for nationalistic ambitions . . . . Winston Churchill had not the slightest intention of handing over any part of Britain's sovereignty to anyone else."

He proceeds from Churchill to Jean Monnet, France's greatest unknown statesman, yet "the most consistent of

"I love your continuity of movement and your romantic abandonment to lyricism."

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European influences." In less than a half-dozen tightly written pages Sampson offers us a colorful and perceptive portrait of Monnet, perhaps the only biography available in English. He quotes Monnet's basic argument for setting up new, united Europe institutions with common laws: "Human nature does not change, but when nations and men accept the same rules and the same institutions to make sure that they are applied, their behavior towards each other changes. This is the process of civilization itself." Thus Monnet does not see in a united Europe mere efficiency or more power, but essentially a means of ending fratricidal wars.

Sampson supports Monnet's view that there cannot be a viable Europe without Britain. He admits it was Britain's own fault that she did not join the European Community when invited to at the start, long before de Gaulle came to power; but throughout the book he holds open the hope that eventually Britain and other countries now outside will make their way into the Community of Europe.

Although he is an admirer of Monnet's concepts, Sampson is objective in his views of Europe, and recognizes the current obstacles to unity, such as the revival of nationalism, the powerful local interests, the "rich man's club" nature of the Common Market, the lack of a truly European industry and technology, and the upsetting impact of huge American investments. He maintains that the effort to build giant pan-European industries and corporations tends not to "press Europe to stand alone, but rather to be more linked with America," which impedes the development of "a purely European movement."

The author points out the dangers of converting tiny farms into industrialized agricultural complexes; it destroys rural culture without substituting a new one, thus creating a rootless, displaced peasantry. Similarly, as oil, gas, and nuclear energy replace coal, once the foundation stone of European industry, Europe becomes more reliant upon outside sources. The tremendous costs of research and development are another force pressing Europe into dependency on America.

In discussing European-American relations Sampson cites *The American Challenge*, by Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber. Like most Europeans, he has an ambivalent attitude toward research, development, venture capital, and markets, yet so dynamic, so big, so grasping that they make a most dangerous partner.

Sampson writes sympathetically of the students, who "are far more interested in changing societies than in abolishing frontiers. As one of them said: 'We're not making Europe. We're living it.'" He believes that the student movement, disruptive though it has been, "is more likely to revitalize Europe than to wreck it."

The book concludes with an expression of faith in the unity of Europe, on condition that Britain joins in. The author believes that Germany, divided but powerful, is the main problem and perhaps the greatest danger in Europe. He feels that Britain is needed as a counterweight to Germany, for France is not strong enough or stable enough, nor has she Britain's long tradition of parliamentary democracy. He might also have added that Britain lacks the vitality and opportunities that only can come from a union with the greater markets and diversified cultures of Europe.

Europe cannot prosper in peace without Britain, nor Britain without Europe; nor can Russia or America find a proper balance in the world unless a united Europe, of comparable size and power, comes into being.

David Schoenbrun

David Schoenbrun, author of "As France Goes" and "The Three Lives of Charles de Gaulle," wrote and broadcast extensively on European affairs as a Paris correspondent from 1945-65.

THE UNREDEEMED: Anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union

by Ronald I. Rubin

Quadrangle, 317 pp., $10

THE CONDITION OF JEWRY in the USSR has been the object of anxious concern throughout the world. For many years Jews and non-Jews, including men friendly to the Soviet Union, have accused Russia of barring Jews from positions of authority and power, of placing barriers to their admission to universities and, above all, of denying to Jews virtually all cultural and communal institutions. These policies, the protesters have argued, are inspired by an animus against the Jews and are designed to achieve a bloodless Final Solution — the cultural extinction of Soviet Jewry.

The Soviet government has indignantly rejected these accusations. It denies that it practices any form of discrimination against Jews, and it explains the cultural void in Russian Jewry as due to the lack of interest of the Jews themselves. The Jews of the Soviet Union, so the argument runs, have forsaken their culture. If there are no Jewish schools, no Jewish publications save one Yiddish journal, no Jewish communal organizations, no organized Jewish cultural enterprise, if the community is leaderless and its collective voice silent, it is not because of official prohibition; it is because the Jews have turned their backs on their heritage.

Even those sympathetic to the Soviet Union have found this patently incredible. It is hard to imagine that in a Jewish community of nearly 3,000,000 which had once been culturally the most fertile in the Jewish world there are not ten parents who want their children to learn the Hebrew language;

that the cultural needs of the many tens of thousands of the Jews in Moscow, for example, have so atrophied that one synagogue and two small chapels are sufficient to satisfy them; that among 3,000,000 Jews there are not enough interested readers to warrant the publication of a book of Jewish history. This picture is so lacking in verisimilitude that even faithful Communists disbelieve it. Our credulity would be strained even if we did not possess positive evidence belying the official Soviet explanation.

The Unredeemed presents a powerful case in refutation of the Soviet contentions. It is a collection of twenty-two articles grouped into eight chapters. A number have appeared before, but their collation in one volume enhances the value of each. Some of the articles are scholarly analyses written by old hands in the field: William Korey, Abraham Brumberg, and Moshe Decter; others are eyewitness accounts by travelers to the Soviet Union who witnessed the pent-up longings of Soviet Jewry that are officially said not to exist. In Moscow, thousands of young Jews gather every year on the holiday of Simchath Torah, in defiance of the authorities, to celebrate their Jewishness by singing and dancing. A selection from Elie Wiesel's *The Jews of Silence* portrays the intense emotion that flows briefly on that day, only to retreat into the privacy of the home during the rest of the year. Jewish observances have been largely driven

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from the public domain; they can be practiced only privately and semilicitly.

Mr. Abraham Brumberg's contribution consists of an account of the virulent anti-Israel propaganda which the Soviet government has been pouring forth ever since the Arab-Israeli war of June 1967, and for which it is difficult to find parallels even in the Stalinist era. The USSR likens Israel to Nazi Germany, and Dayan to Hitler; it accuses Israel of crimes scarcely distinguishable from those committed at Auschwitz. The language is so wild and the accusations so monstrous that one might be amused if one did not remember the terrible consequences that followed on such vituperation in the past. Mr. Brumberg believes that the bitterness of the Soviet leaders is due to the defeat of the Arab armies, while the Soviet Union, their protector, mentor, and armer, stood by, unable to help. This bitterness fused with a comprehensive animus against the Jews, whom the Soviets have come to regard as hostile to the Soviet Union. The refusal of Jewish Communists in other countries to join in the condemnation of Israel has strengthened that attitude. It is a disturbing fact of international life that the Kremlin considers

itself at war with the Jewish world, and portrays it in colors reminiscent of the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*.

The picture unfolded in this book is gloomy; yet throughout it all there runs a note of hope that Western indignation will influence the Soviet leaders. The contributors nourish a vision of the Jewish community restored to life, of Jewish schools reborn, of cultural centers reopened, of Jewish newspapers and books, of a Jewry now atomized and leaderless reassuming organized shape and articulation. It is a vision that will be shared by all men who abhor cultural repression and who care for the rights of minorities.

Erich Goldhagen

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The Warren Court

Continued from page 22

ble measure of the Court's previous dynamism. But the Court remained evenly balanced between "right" and "left" until Frankfurter's retirement in 1962, and Warren was often on the dissenting left. Only thereafter was there a frequent "working majority"—Warren, Black, Douglas, Brennan, and Goldberg (followed by Fortas)—which formed the core of the "Warren Court" that achieved the bulk of Mr. Lewis's "revolution." In that sense there have been two "Warren Courts," just as there were two "Hughes Courts," though the transition was by no means as sharp in the Sixties as it had been in the late Thirties.

Of course, in many cases there have been defections from and additions to this five-man core. Nevertheless, I think it was this sequence of changes in the Court's personnel rather than Warren's "character and position and public reputation" that brought about the "revolution." Likewise, with a Court so closely divided, Warren's own vote was frequently decisive for a result contrary to the one that would have been reached had Vinson survived.

All this might seem to argue for Kurland's rather than Lewis's assessment of Warren's individual importance, and, if we are to look only at the Court's internal processes, I think Kurland is nearer to the truth. But the Court is much more than its own opinions and judgments, just as Congress and the President are more than their official acts. The Court is in large part what people think it is; to labor an overworked expression, it has an "image."

To a remarkable extent, in recent years that image has been Chief Justice Earl Warren. Even the great Hughes, with his enormous ability and Olympian mien, did not personify the Court to any such extent. Not since the time of John Marshall himself has the public personality of the Chief Justice been so dominant a factor in the nation's reaction to the Court's doings. How was this achieved by a man who has no gift for turn of phrase, whose personality is bland rather than colorful, and who came to the supreme bench with the stature only of a state governor and a defeated candidate for the Vice Presidency? It is hard to explain, and I cannot disagree with Kurland's statement that "Warren has not formed the Court but rather the Court has formed him." It formed him, however, into someone much bigger than Kurland acknowledges.

In the public mind, the "Warren Court" was born of the school desegregation cases. The decisions were unanimous and revolutionary, and Warren was the spokesman. Political lightning began to play about the Court, and Warren was the lightning-rod. It was for his impeachment—not for that of Black or Douglas—that the John Birch Society howled, and it was he who reaped the lion's share of praise from those who approved of what the Court had done.

Earl Warren thus left on the history of these times a mark far deeper than one would ever sense from reading the Supreme Court reports. It is in that external sense that he has been a "great" Chief Justice, and that we can speak of "the Warren Court."

Telford Taylor

Telford Taylor is a professor of law at Columbia University.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS:
Vol. II: March 1934-August 1935
Vol. III: September 1935-January 1937

edited by Edgar B. Nixon

Harvard University Press, 637 pp., 638 pp.; $12.50 each

FOR THE PROFESSIONAL DIPLOMATIC historian, these letters and memoranda will be one more useful addition to the staggering amount of material that concerns the foreign policy of the Roosevelt Administration. But this reviewer thinks it more useful to discuss these volumes in a broader context, asking what they reveal about the President himself and what reflections they raise about the period.

The first observation must be that FDR obviously took a deep interest in foreign affairs, that he invited direct observations from many of his ambassadors and sometimes from friends, and that these reports were almost invariably acknowledged. This suggests that he preferred such direct contacts to reading State Department dispatches.

Records of Roosevelt's press conferences have been published before in part; but the collection in these volumes is complete so far as foreign affairs are concerned. It is amazing how little the President chose to say, and how content the reporters were with it. Nowadays a President is likely to be harried with questions, often ones it would be equally dangerous to answer or to evade.

The absence of sharp criticism of FDR in the correspondence is extraordinary. This may be because only a portion (though a large one) of the letters written to him on foreign af-

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fairs is included. But the extraordinary confidence he evoked and the wide approval of his policy are clear.

Retrospectively viewed, the years of Roosevelt's first term present a most extraordinary phenomenon in the history of American diplomacy. In dealing with Latin America he had a fairly free hand and, though there are few documents that relate to this aspect of foreign affairs, it is apparent that his approach was extraordinarily successful, and in accord with the interests of the United States. But he was obviously powerless to influence the course of events in Europe and Asia to any significant degree. The rise of nationalism in Japan, the advent of Hitler, the ambitions of Mussolini presented problems beyond solution.

The United States itself was in the midst of a profound reaction against an assertive foreign policy. People preferred to believe that this country could play it safe, could we but avoid entanglements and keep out of trouble. Roosevelt, it must be said, hardly resisted this trend, and in some respects he encouraged it. This was the period of the so-called neutrality legislation, which rested on the assumption that the United States could stay out of war by reversing the policies of the Wilson period, by refusing to sell munitions to belligerents, by refusing to support the right of American citizens to travel on belligerent ships, by avoiding foreign loans.

Was there a wiser course? One cannot be sure. But the friends of the League of Nations idea were convinced there was. They desired support for the League in any action it might take against an aggressor, and favored an embargo on arms and loans to a law-breaking state—not an embargo applied impartially to aggressor and victim alike. It seems probable that the President agreed with this point of view. But neither he nor Secretary of State Cordell Hull had the nerve to say so, or to associate themselves with the League in its attempt to apply sanctions against Mussolini when he invaded Ethiopia.

In an even clearer case, the Senate defied the Chief Executive by declining to ratify the World Court protocol he had submitted to it.

A large question presents itself. We hear today of proposals to curb the powers of the President in the field of foreign affairs. The story of the middle Thirties suggests that the legislature is not endowed with any special wisdom in this area, nor is public opinion always a reliable guide.

Dexter Perkins

Dexter Perkins is professor emeritus of the University of Rochester.

Belles-Lettres

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ing left in a label like "modern intellectual," Alvarez merits it. He begins his book with a section on modernism, deals with the effects of Nazi atrocities on what he calls the "literature of the holocaust," assesses the influence of universities on poets, reviews Freud's letters and the French existentialists, and, though he devotes part of his book to "classics" (Donne, Dryden, Keats, Clough), concentrates mainly on "moderns" known by those in the know: Robert Lowell, Sylvia Plath, Jan Kott, Norman Mailer, Kenneth Tynan, Susan Sontag. His issues are vital and engaging, if only because they are ours today.

All this is not to imply that Alvarez is an avid apologist for whatever is new. What is impressive about his work, in fact, is that while he can set people like Kott and Sontag gently but firmly on their ears, he is neither an attacker nor defender of current trends. Like Matthew Arnold, whom he obviously admires, his aim is to see things as they are, in the widest possible contexts, and to help create a climate of ideas in which art can flourish. Like T. S. Eliot, he believes that in literary criticism "the only method is to be very intelligent." "What the professor is in theory," he says, "the critic is in practice: an intellectual. He is, I mean, someone to whom ideas are emotionally important, who responds to experience by thinking for himself."

In speaking about Alvarez, one would, were space available, inevitably have to turn to the substance of his ideas, to counter or support them. One wants to quote him, and at length, to communicate how intense his ideology is. A thinker himself, he spurs thought in his reader. And what causes his ragtail collection of subjects to hang together—including essays on three private passions: films, mountaineering, and travel—is not the force of his personality, as with Greene, but the fluidity of his language and ideas, his denseness of texture, his willingness to take chances with great sweeping propositions, his fundamental, clear-headed sanity. His own essay on James ends fittingly: "And he was, after all, one of the most intelligent men who has ever written." The statement typifies Alvarez's consistent dedication to independent thought.

Writing Against Time, the title of Howard Moss's collection of twenty essays and reviews over the past twenty years, undoubtedly refers on one level to every writer's struggle to keep abreast. He arranges his pieces chronologically in order of composition, and many of them do serve to chart the progressive advent of new literary voices, new trends. On another level, however, he may be alluding to the sheer temporal press of his projects. Moss is poetry editor of *The New Yorker*, has published six volumes of poems and a book on Marcel Proust, and has done editions of Keats and Edward Lear. His essays show no signs of a race with a wingèd chariot; for other reasons they do not adhere as do those by Greene and Alvarez, and one wonders if the occasion for his book was really imperative.

For one thing, he lacks Greene's distinctive, personal tone. "Scholars can be very literal," Moss says, criticizing a Shakespearean authority who identifies the Dark Lady of the Sonnets as a Negro courtesan of the period. But there is a somewhat literal quality about his own essays, or at least an impersonal one, detached, rational, prosaic, which seems strange for a poet. Like Alvarez, he is by principle opposed to every fixed critical method and theory. Quite unlike Alvarez, however, in seeming to eschew rigid approaches, Moss has not created any identifiable one of his own. Moving from essay to essay in his book is like shifting gears in dense traffic. He proceeds from detailed textual analysis of the New Criticism (on Donald Fuchs's novels, Katherine Anne Porter's stories, Glenway Wescott's *The Pilgrim Hawk*) to scholarly commentary (on Keats and Shakespeare) to disjointed new-wave notes on fiction (Proust, Chekhov, James, Mann) and then on —or back? for it is hard to see just what gear *is* operating—to a manifesto on theater and a short contribution to a symposium on modern poetry.

Perhaps all one can say about Moss's collection is that the reader needs to tackle it in a different way. Where with Alvarez and Greene one can start at the beginning and move on, listening, as it were, to a continuous voice, with *Writing Against Time* he should dip in and sample. A matter of quality is involved too: Moss simply does not have that easy, almost thrown-off, very British approach to thought and language. There is an uptightness about his writing, a sort of over-deliberate straining for significance and complexity; he packs so many ideas into so short a compass that one might suspect paper was scarce. But Moss can also work as an excellent critic at times: bright, perceptive, knowledgeable, interesting. At such moments we can be happy that essayists give us a second crack at their work in book form.

Robert Maurer

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Brain Drain

Continued from page 12

under exceptional conditions and were given exceptional facilities in return for adding to the cultural patrimony of the new Republic.

This circulation of the brainy people has helped in the enrichment of the common culture of mankind. The great talents in the arts, in the sciences, even in philosophy require constant communion with kindred souls. Cross-fertilization is the main catalyst of great thought and great art. Athens, Rome, Baghdad, Istanbul, Paris, London have yielded such a rich crop of great thinkers and great artists because each was able to develop the milieu of communion among great spirits. At present, the highly trained that migrate to developed countries maximize their contributions to society by working with highly trained people like themselves. Also laboratories, computers, and all the other facilities required for advanced work enable them to use expertise fully. In the case of America, they have proved how effectively they could utilize the propitious atmosphere by winning so many Nobel Prizes.

But the same phenomenon can turn into disadvantage for mankind as a whole, if it escalates into a mass shifting of trained brains. For many underdeveloped countries, which need every grain of trained talent, it has become a real danger. How can we expect the countries of equatorial Africa to emerge into the atomic age if they cannot even keep their national health because of the loss of more than half of their few doctors and fewer nurses? Can Latin America with her incalculably rich but unexploited resources hope to step up into the industrial age if 20 per cent of her engineers and 15 per cent of her doctors leave to work abroad? Between 1962-66 Chile lost 30.3 per cent, Ecuador 32 per cent, Paraguay 23.3 per cent of their engineers. The monetary value of the Latin American loss in 1967 in terms of the cost of education of the immigrant talent totaled $20 million. Can even Britain preserve its present place if 43 per cent of its best engineers and 23 per cent of its top scientists leave to contribute their talents overseas?

Obviously, the present anarchic state of the brain market should not be allowed to continue. By politicizing economic and social problems it is adding extra tension to the strained relations between the poor and the rich. But worse, by preventing the universally effective use of the most precious commodity, it is weighing down the global development effort which needs the utmost push the world can give it.

The time is ripe for international regulation of trained talent. The United Nations has been heavily engaged in the promotion of an orderly and equitable exchange of natural resources. These efforts have culminated in the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development. I suggest a similar conference on human resources. The experience in this area and the studies made by international organizations already spell out the agenda for such a gathering.

"Laboratories and all the facilities required to use expertise fully."

This agenda can be outlined as follows: first, the conference will have to draw international charts of human resources in engineering, medicine, and the natural sciences. These charts will be based on the estimates of the available talent in all the countries of the world, and they will include the number of trainees every year, and the number in each category needed by each country. There will be charts of supply and demand of human resources like those for coffee, wheat, and cocoa in the natural resources.

Second, the conference will have to formulate the procedure for the internationally coordinated use of the talent in accordance with the best interests of the world community. It will seek the means of coordinating legislation. There is a General Agreement on Tariffs which regulates the exchange of goods. Why should there not be an international agreement on the exchange of human resources? Present concepts of freedom forbid the restriction of the free movement of individuals. In fact, the United Nations Charter prohibits it. But we can try to coordinate legislation.

For instance, in view of present practices, the developed nations that encourage selective immigration could restrict their advantages, and the underdeveloped nations could improve

"At present, the highly trained that migrate maximize contributions by working with highly trained people like themselves."

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their terms of employment. Also, an international equalization of salary scales may be promulgated by heavier taxes on imported talent.

Third, the conference could also seek the means of coordinating recruitment not according to the rules of the free market, but according to the overriding needs of balanced growth among the nations of the world.

Fourth, the conference could plan training according to the demands of the world community. It could try to eliminate overproduction in certain areas, prevent underproduction in others. It could seek to coordinate the educational programs for advanced training on a world-wide scale. Planning could increase efficiency and could help provide for the expanding needs of all countries—even the United States is among those deficient.

Fifth, it could regulate training abroad. Regional universities could provide the answer against the dangers of transferring from rural and provincial environments to advanced, cosmopolitan centers. The Middle East Technical University in Ankara has pioneered in this field. It has kept students from adjacent countries in a milieu akin to their native lands, and has prevented large-scale defections from home.

Sixth, the conference could promote regional research centers to compensate for the lack of such institutions in the underdeveloped countries. These centers could help to collect all the advanced talent in the region and harness their exceptional abilities to the needs of the region. The centers could also serve as pacesetters for scientific thought for the whole area.

The initiative for calling such a conference should come from the Western world, and more particularly from the United Nations. First, because the Western world is the greatest all-around beneficiary. Secondly, the lesser-developed nations have been the initiators of many efforts against exploitive practices in international exchange. These efforts have been of a defensive character and have naturally prompted defensive attitudes in the beneficiaries. Such circumstances have led to confrontation rather than cooperation. In the case of the brain drain, if the beneficiaries take the initiative they will signal a new approach that will appear as a warranty of their good faith. It could very well sponsor a cooperative urge instead of the confrontation attitudes that have prevailed in other such efforts. And history shows that men are more easily swayed to agree in matters that concern human beings than those that involve property and material wealth.

Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

Scandinavian Safari—II: Land of the Endless Lakes

FINLAND IS MINNESOTA on a grand scale. From above, the eye may be tricked into taking the lake country north of Helsinki for a great sea sprinkled with green islands. To venture out on a Finnish lake with no map is to blunder into a forest without compass. There are by rough count 60,000 lakes in Finland, and that figure probably excludes thousands that only the Finns would consider too small to note. Sweden has been making noises recently about having 100,000 lakes, a source of small contention in neighboring Finland. The Finns will tell you that the Swedes counted their lakes after a heavy rain.

Hameenlinna, an hour-and-a-half train ride north of Helsinki, lies at the southwest corner of Finland's vast central lake district. The late composer Jean Sibelius was reared in Hameenlinna, an event that is recalled by the gray stone house he lived in—now a museum resounding with recordings of his music—the school he attended, and across the street in a shaded park, a statue of the young man with mustache.

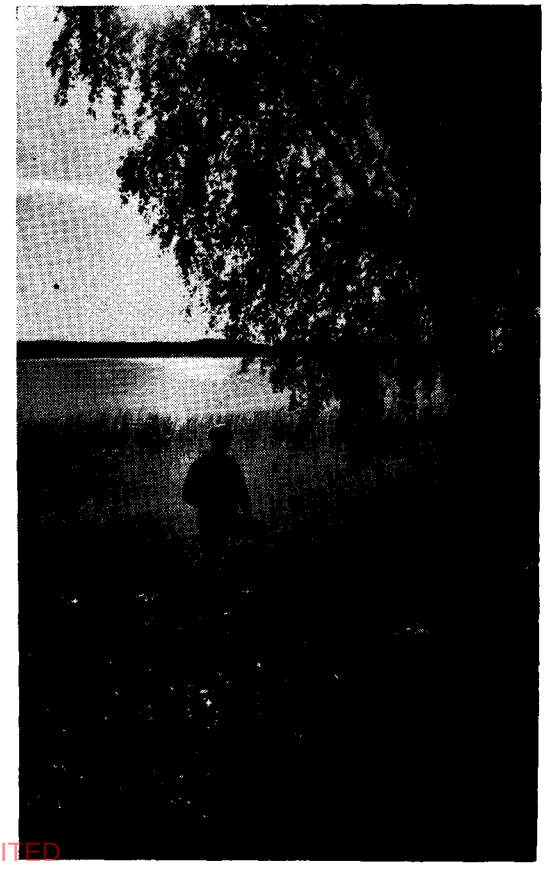
It was on a late spring day in 1930, as he watched the dusk fall over Lake Vanajavesi, that Sibelius was moved to compose his tone poem, "Finlandia," the playing of which seldom fails to raise a lump, however small, in Finnish throats. Still, the most memorable musical event to hit Hameenlinna in years was an appearance at the Midsummer Festival of the Beachboys. The posters advertising their performance may well be as carefully preserved as Sibelius's violin, on view at the museum.

Doubtless the strangest sight in town is a silver DC-2 (remember?) with green stripe, celebrating its tenth summer as the Hanssin Jukka coffee bar. The seats have been taken out of the cabin to make room for two rows of small chairs and tables, but the cockpit is intact and on the walls are pictures of other aeronautical antiques. Finland was given the plane by Sweden in 1940, and it was used as a troop carrier through an up-and-down war that pitted the Finns against the Russians on two different occasions and finally against the retreating Germans. There is nothing novel about a trolley or train being converted to stationary use, but an encounter with a roadbound DC-2, its wings supporting an outdoor café, topped by a bold sign JUO COCA-COLA, was enough to cause me to miss the boat from Hameenlinna.

Racing by taxi around a bend of the lake, I caught up with the motor launch at the next stop, and then settled back to a tranquil afternoon cruise through lakes and connecting channels 40 miles northwest to Tampere. The boat putters past islets thick with pines, appearing as though man had never stepped ashore; on some, habitation is betrayed by little log saunas perched at water's edge.

Tampere (population 153,000) vies with Turku for the right to call itself Finland's second largest city, the mantle seeming to pass back and forth with each new census. Tampere's spot is well stamped on the theatrical map owing to the yearly midsummer presentation of an outdoor novelty called *The Unknown Soldier*. John Wayne has never made a rawer war picture. Each night 800 to 1,000 spectators mount revolving wooden bleachers set on the woodsy slopes of Pyynikki Park, then steel themselves for a three-hour explosion of living theater. Machine guns rattle, mortars crump, tanks run berserk, soldiers scream, and just when you think you've seen it

Evening sun over Lake Keitele—"A priceless seclusion is preserved."



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all, an old single-engine plane swoops down and peppers an army encampment with false fire. All this unfolds within grandstand view of a wide, calm lake that grows darker with Finland's late-hour dusk.

The play, which slams home the cruel mockery of war, follows a Finnish machine gun company from its boisterous departure for the Russian front in 1941 to a pathetic, stumbling defeat three years later. It's all in Finnish, a language known only to six million people, but detailed outlines running two-and-a-half pages are available in English, Swedish, and German. The message comes across without the summary, but the play's light moments, greeted uproariously by the predominantly Finnish audience, are sadly lost to the untuned ear. The action ends as it begins, with the playing of "Finlandia." Perhaps, as my young Finnish sidekick Eero later suggested, it is a too glorious way to close an antiwar play.

If Tampere's women look prettier and more plentiful than elsewhere, it is not the vodka deceiving you. Drawn to the many textile factories that support Tampere, they outnumber the men by 13,000 or so. This year, at last, women are permitted by law to appear in public places without a male escort, a right that is gradually being granted throughout the country. One finds such progress oddly retarded in a land whose men claim with conviction: "Our women are emancipated. They are equal to men."

One by one other hoary customs and laws are being wiped off the books as Finland rushes ahead to catch up with its freer swinging Scandinavian neighbors, mainly Sweden whose language is spoken by 7 per cent of Finland's 4.7 million population. This is the first year, too, that a person is able to order a beer as early as 7 a.m. and not be required to have an accompanying sandwich. In the past, you couldn't get a beer before 9, and until noon you couldn't drink it without ordering some food. Gambling, in the form of roulette, has also snaked its way into Finland's culture, and so far I am happy to report the stakes are paltry. Players can put down only one-half a Finn mark (12 cents) and can win 10 marks at the most. The presence of a gaming table usually is announced with the word RULETTI printed on the front door.

From Tampere I flew northeast to Kuopio to link up with Eero. We had dinner at the local *kasino*, which does not derive its name from any trace of gambling but hark back to an earlier European use as a lodge or country house. I admire the bold, unfettered style of Finnish architecture, but for once it was a pleasure to relax in a high, old wooden pavilion of a building done in the Russian czarist style, curlicues and figures decorating the peaked exterior.

At several meals in Finland my presence was heralded by a small American flag, Eero's by the Finnish blue and white. It is a fillip frequently reserved for visitors. "You know, there will be a flag at the table," Eero said as we climbed from the hansom carriage that had borne us along the waterfront to the restaurant. "I know," I said.

"Do you want it?"

"Well, no. I don't have to wave a flag."

"Good. I am the same. We will have them taken away."

We filled up on a thick soup that Eero had thought to order by phone so it would be ready in time, and after that we put away an assortment of vodka drinks and Finnish berry liqueurs, rising now and then to invite a new dance partner to the crowded floor (Finnish girls never turn down such a request) all the while the pale evening light refusing to vanish, torches on the lawn dancing into a shadowless night.

We grew a bit philosophical in the early-morning hours, and I asked Eero why the attractive, soaring new church in Tampere had been fitted with a bomb shelter—a smartly designed, crenelated-ceiling bomb shelter. "It is a law," he said. "All new buildings must have shelters."

"Where is the bomb coming from?" I asked.

"Anywhere. We are generally afraid of war. It is part of our history."

I asked him if the shelters were stocked with provisions and ready for use.

"Oh, no. We think it is very stupid, building bomb shelters, but there is no objection. Nobody pays much attention."

We moved farther east the next afternoon to a new resort called Loma Koli astride an almost virgin lake only 50 miles from the Russian border. Loma Koli is one of the country's five so-called holiday villages, part of a touristic innovation aimed at affording the visitor the same holiday comforts as the 150,000 Finnish families who retire each summer to private country cottages. The rates are fetchingly reasonable, but of course the roundtrip air ticket ($435 for excursion fare, $135 more than it costs to fly to London) will continue to dissuade the American traveler at least until the super jets bring down the price. A family of four, for example, can take a cabin at Loma Koli for $26 a day full board, or as low as $21 if they choose to stay in a unit of the same size connected in a row.

After a week in Finland, I hasten to say that a resort or hotel is only as good as its sauna. "Ah, this one is uncivilized," Eero announced on our first inspection of Loma Koli's lakeshore hothouse. Earlier in the week we had basked, if you will, in the swank confines of Helsinki's Kalastajatorppa Hotel sauna, and now we were to bathe without a final scrub from a washerwoman, without knives and forks to eat the sauna sausage, without a picture-window view of the pine landscape.

"You know," Eero said, "I like this style better." It was better because the absence of creature comforts brings you closer than ever to nature, to the essence of the Finnish lake country. We heated up fifteen minutes at a stretch, and this time we whacked each other with birch leaves—although in the Helsinki sauna Eero had dismissed the act as old-fashioned. "You do it when you are friends," he said.

On each emergence from the sauna we ran down the plank runway leading to the lake and threw our parboiled forms into the chill water. Then we sat on the dock and lazed in the remote tranquillity. I saw a boat far out on the lake and a pair of birds chasing across the broad sky, but otherwise there was preserved a priceless sense of seclusion.

It was broken finally by a bell tinkling across the lake, followed by the lusty harumph of a restless cow. I answered in kind, the roar volleying three or four times from one shore to the other, and the cow bellowed back. We continued this conversation until the cow grew weary and returned to ringing the bell. —D. B.

WIT TWISTER #123

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ knots
we ever tie
Are tangled _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
of fear or doubt,
Or _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ that we
twist and ply
Till understanding sorts them
out.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 40)

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Romping Through Ibsen

IT IS EASY to see why actors find the title role of Henrik Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* attractive. For the tragedy of a man seeking to find in the real world what he has enjoyed in his fantasy life, and negating his search by the constant avoidance of commitment, is both universal and contemporary.

But as that splendid actor Stacy Keach reveals in the current New York Shakespeare Festival production, the role may not be really as good as it seems. Ibsen's play gives its protagonist the unrewarding task of demonstrating the folly of his approach to life, and leaves the audience thinking him slow-witted for not having discovered his failure until the end of a very long play. Even then the actor is given no eloquent speeches with which to transmit his new-found understanding.

The production at Central Park's outdoor Delacorte Theater is not a traditional one. Ming Cho Lee has filled the center of the stage with a towering construction of spiral ramps, which revolves to provide a variety of views. Although this abstraction is bold and interesting, director Gerald Freedman has not found a way to use it effectively. Most of the scenes are played in front of the setting rather than in it, and over the course of the evening we occasionally feel that we are looking at the back of a Hollywood lot.

Another innovation is the introduction of songs, written by Mr. Freedman and John Morris, and sung by the popular songstress Judy Collins, who is cast in the role of Solveig. These and a number of musical comedy dance sequences, choreographed by Joyce Trisler, contribute to the variety of the evening, but they make it more difficult for the audience to focus on Peer.

Perhaps in an effort to combat these distractions, Keach strains to give us as vivid a performance as possible. In long hair and tattered clothes, he appears more interested in impressing others with his tall tales than with himself. When he comes into the wedding party, he does so with a wild leap and a shriek that suggests strength, not vulnerability. In his relationships with the girls, he is a smooth and confident operator. Because he continually jokes away his naïveté, he emerges as dashing and well adjusted.

Accordingly, the play loses much of its urgency and depth. What is left is mainly decoration and light entertainment. Indeed, in the second act, the production lets go altogether and has absurd inventive fun with the story. Five men in a tub squirting each other with water pistols proves delightful nonsense for the Central Park audience. Anitra's dance, led clowningly by Olympia Dukakis and costumed amusingly by Theoni V. Aldredge, is a parody of all harem dance spectaculars, with Keach injecting an effective touch of Jackie Gleason into his participating

Judy Collins and Stacy Keach in Central Park "Peer Gynt."

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antics. And the audience is thrilled with the imaginative creation of a raging sea storm by actors unfurling a huge billowing piece of blue silk.

On the other hand, there are whole sections of the action that seem perfunctory by contrast. Estelle Parsons doesn't get much chance to use her marvelous comic talents as Peer's mother. And Miss Collins should sing all her lines, for even though Solveig has only a few simple speeches, they require an inner incandescence that is totally beyond her present capabilities.

However, this *Peer Gynt* may prove popular partly because of Miss Collins's popularity, partly because of its second-act humor, and partly because the complicated story is clearly told. Indeed, because it does move so far in the direction of musical comedy, one wishes that it would scrap the drama altogether and settle for a full-blown musical. As it stands, the soul searching and tragedy become pretty much nuisances that the actors must nominally perform.

* * *

A MOST PLEASANT and civilized Off-Broadway evening is furnished by Alvin Epstein and Martha Schlamme in *Whores, Wars and Tin Pan Alley* at the Sheridan Square Playhouse. In it, we hear an interesting selection of the songs the late Kurt Weill wrote with such distinguished collaborators as Bertholt Brecht, Jacques Deval, Paul Green, Ogden Nash, Alan Jay Lerner, Maxwell Anderson, and Ira Gershwin. Mr. Epstein is at his incisive best playing the kind of men who treat women badly, and Miss Schlamme radiates an infectious enthusiasm for the late composer. Although it is far from the best known of Weill songs in this country, the evening's most successful item is "As You Make Your Bed" from *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny*. It is delightful to watch two lovers candidly flaunting their own self-interest to each other, at the same time as the exhilarating lilt of the melody expresses the bittersweet release that comes from such down-to-earth facing of the truth.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Switching and Fighting

TOBACCO SPONSORS and the National Association of Broadcasters—like the pugnacious smokers in certain cigarette commercials—are still fighting, but it looks as if they will finally have to switch; that is, get out of cigarette advertising on television and radio, and accept the principle, in newspapers and magazines, of tough government supervision over print ads.

The offer to switch has been made by the NAB Television and Radio Code Review Boards. The agreement stipulated that member stations of the NAB would phase out cigarette commercials on the air during a four-year period beginning January 1, 1970, and ending September 1, 1973. The Review Boards also said that they would prohibit cigarette commercials in or adjacent to any program that was directed primarily at youth, and they promised to set up subcommittees to establish additional guidelines to reduce youth appeal.

By that time, however, the Senate Commerce Committee will have held hearings, and leading Senators—dissatisfied with the switch offer—will have poured on more heat to get stronger action from broadcasters and sponsors. Their lever will be the threat of taking no action on the renewal of the 1965 Cigarette Labeling Act. If the Senate allows the bill to lapse, the Federal Trade Commission and the FCC will move in with strong bans on cigarette advertising on the air and in print.

In the Commerce Committee hearings, Senators Warren G. Magnuson, chairman, and Frank E. Moss will have questioned the propriety of stretching the phase-out over four years, since the broadcasters have conceded that cigarette commercials are not in the public interest. The tobacco industry wants the legislation extended in order to ward off FTC proposals that "death warnings" be included in newspaper and magazine advertising.

The broadcasters know the game is up, but they hope to control the timing and the rate of attrition; their proposal calls for a staggered reduction in the amount of commercial minutes on radio and TV. The question of restricting youth appeal in cigarette advertising is significant—regardless of the duration of the phase-out period. The broadcasters are merely promising more voluntary self-regulation by their Code Authority.

In courageous testimony before the House Commerce Committee, Warren Braren, former manager of the New York office of the Code Authority, made it clear that the NAB deliberately misled Congress and the public into believing that voluntary industry self-regulation in cutting down the youth appeal was meaningful. Networks and ad agencies, he revealed, regularly overruled Code staff members in interpretations of standards. The Code Authority operates entirely on voluntary submissions of ads by agencies. Some tobacco sponsors simply do not subscribe to the code; those that do make their own judgments on whether their commercials need reviewing.

How can you rationally mix the themes of death and suffering with the motifs of sex, sophistication, masculinity, and rejuvenation? As for cutting down youth appeal, even Vincent T. Wasilewski, the NAB president, said in the hearings: "I believe it is very difficult to have advertising directed to adults that does not always have an effect . . . on young people." Four thousand youngsters, encouraged by cigarette commercials, start experimenting with smoking each day. All other considerations notwithstanding, it would seem that the shorter the phase-out period the better. The tobacco industry, having switched in broadcasting, will still fight in the print medium and may win a few years in which to continue advertising in newspapers and magazines. But their ads probably will be required to carry anti-smoking messages, to print tar and nicotine content, and to try to restrict youth appeal—all under the monitoring of the FTC, which will be considerably tougher than the NAB Code Authority.

The broadcasters, in their final agony (the loss of $200 million in annual billings in TV and $20 million in radio), may put up one last fight. Having lost the cigarette ads, they may claim that, under the Fairness Doctrine, they should be absolved from carrying anti-cigarette ads. Probably they'll have to switch in that fight, too. The Court of Appeals (*Banzhaff vs. FCC, 1968*) ruled that a federal agency has police power to protect public health regardless of the Fairness Doctrine. A complete switch now, without a fight, by both broadcasters and sponsors would balance loss of replaceable revenues with gains in irreplaceable lives. The two industries would then have avoided being branded with the mark of those who'd rather fight than switch—a black eye.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Richard Cragun, at eight, in Sacramento—"Tap is one of the blessings for American dancers who go into ballet."

Gypsy from Sacramento

RICHARD CRAGUN. What does that name mean to you? Well, he was one of the major reasons that the Stuttgart Ballet bowled over American balletomanes and the general public when the troupe from a small but important city in Württemburg made its U.S. debut this past June at the Metropolitan Opera House. Nobody, including the Stuttgart dancers themselves, along with their director and chief choreographer, John Cranko, could quite believe in the triumph the company enjoyed. Among the pleasantly stunned dancers was the American Cragun, who catapulted himself into that special society of male stars that includes d'Amboise, Villella (United States), Bruhn (Denmark), Nureyev (originally Soviet Union), Dowell (England), and a very few more. "It hasn't gone to my head," says Cragun of his enormous New York success. "I just think of all the talented boys in Des Moines who could have made it too if they had been willing to be gypsies. All I did was to take the chance."

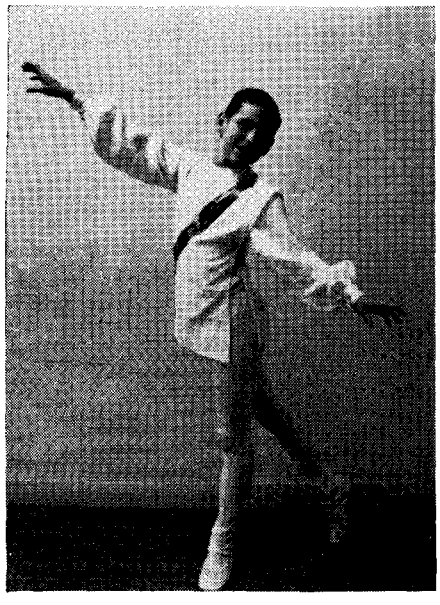
Richard Cragun from Sacramento, California, took that chance. At seven, fascinated with Gene Kelly movies, he started tap dance lessons ("Tap," he says, "is one of the blessings for American dancers who go into ballet."); at eight he was performing in amateur shows; a little later, he took ballet lessons just to augment his tap technique ("Barbara Briggs was my first ballet teacher, and I owe so much to her."); through Miss Briggs he got a ballet scholarship at the Banff School of Fine Arts in Canada, where he studied with Brian Macdonald; and from Banff, he went to London, rather than to New York (because of his Canadian-English teachers), at sixteen.

He was determined to be self-supporting, so when he completed his scholarship with the Royal Ballet School in London and an Adeline Genée scholarship in Copenhagen (where he studied privately two to three hours each day with the great Vera Volkova, principal teacher of the Royal Danish Ballet), he took a *corps de ballet* job in Stuttgart, where, under Cranko, he performed in ballets, operas, and operettas. At eighteen, he danced his first Prince in *Swan Lake*, and at nineteen, while still in the *corps*, he did his first Albrecht in *Giselle* and his first Romeo. Cranko actually pushed the young dancer into roles usually performed by Ray Barra, a former director of the Stuttgart Ballet and one of its principal dancers. "Ray," says Cragun, "helped me all the way. I admired him tremendously. And to this day, when I'm doing a part, I mentally look at Ray and at Nureyev to help me develop what I should do."

Soon, Cranko began creating roles with "Rick" in mind. "*Opus I* was the first ballet created for me, and I think of all the ballets in the repertory it is, in a deep sense, the most important to me. Of course I like to do Romeo —every boy enjoys being romantic!— and *Taming of the Shrew*, naturally, is a very special favorite of mine. But John is wonderful. He tries to make all of us perfectly comfortable in all kinds of ballets — classical, abstract, dramatic, romantic, comic. John gives you a total idea of what he sees in a ballet or in a role, but he encourages you to develop your own ideas within his concept. If you go too far, he'll pull you back.

"Doing a great variety of roles is important. What I've done in other ballets actually prepares me for new parts. It's hard to get *into* a new role. Frankly, I come to a new part with a real hodgepodge of ideas—I find that I need to test every possible side —and then through performing, I arrive at what I really set out to do."

In *Shrew*, created for him and the company's great ballerina and his inseparable sweetheart, Marcia Haydée, he arrived at what he had set out to do. As the swashbuckling tamer, he had New York audiences cheering a star of the "matinee idol" school of two generations ago; he also won



"Rick," at eleven, starts ballet training.

Cragun partners Dame Margot Fonteyn in "Les Sylphides" at London's Coliseum.

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them as Romeo, and he stirred them profoundly in *Opus I.*

Although Cragun never finished formal schooling—"I hated school"—he is an articulate young man. "The family," he says, "approved of my dance career. I had no troubles there. But when I left home at sixteen, Dad, who is a professor and a Shakespeare admirer, simply said to me, 'Don't forget the books.' I never have forgotten them. That's my education."

This October, when the Stuttgart Ballet returns to America for its first transcontinental tour, a high point for Richard Cragun will occur on November 17, when he will return to Sacramento as a highly literate young man, a star dancer, and as a Shakespeare expert in the Stuttgart's *Taming of the Shrew.*

In addition to giving a great performance as Petruchio—an acting job that I think Shakespeare would have approved of—Cragun exhibits his brilliant dance technique. Among the marvels he accomplishes are triple turns in air, and they happen so swiftly, so smoothly, and so easily that you are not sure whether to trust your own eyes. His multiple *pirouettes,* his vaulting leaps, and those miraculous *tours en l'air* represent the skills of a great athlete, but Cragun is careful to point out that they must serve both the style and purpose of a given ballet. He says, "Both Romeo and Petruchio do air-turns, but Romeo does them in ecstasy and Petruchio in anger or bravado. The technical approach is the same, but the thrust of drama, the speed of the music, even the color of the movement are different because of the character you are portraying.

Cragun as Romeo—"Every boy enjoys being romantic!"

"In *Swan Lake* too, the Prince does big jumps in the 'Black Swan Pas de Deux,' but it's not the same as in the classroom where all you think about is the jump and how high you can go. On stage, you need to prove the character, not yourself."

How he came to do triple air-turns was sheer fluke, for doubles are standard, although the Russians sometimes do triples. "I was taking class with Anne Woolliams, our assistant director and one of our principal teachers, when all of a sudden I lost my double air-turns. I stumbled and fumbled and couldn't do them. Anne said 'You're not snapping your neck around.' I tried some more as she called, 'Snap it! Snap it!' So I pushed and snapped and wound up with a triple and I've been able to do them ever since."

Cragun doesn't want his triples to become a trademark. "Physical tricks are not unimportant, but trademark steps are a danger. You must discriminate and use flashy technique only when it's appropriate. There is a big difference between *selling* yourself—this is what I'd call camp or what they call 'tits and teeth' approach in show biz—and in *presenting* yourself through a role."

Although he has twenty dancing years ahead of him, he is already thinking about the days when he must serve ballet in other ways. "I have no leanings toward choreography," he says. "I really don't have any talent for it. But I love teaching, especially the twelve to twenty age bracket, and I would want to be affiliated with a ballet school associated with a company, with the stage, just as we have today in Stuttgart. Then I'd have time, too, for more reading, and to bury myself in American Indian lore. I know I'm a mixture of English, Irish, Scottish, and Dutch ancestries, but the family thinks that during the westward trek in pioneer days some Indian was added. I hope so. I feel an affinity with the Indian."

For the present, the sum of all these parts is one of the most brilliant and sensitive male dancers of our day, an American who took to the gypsy trail, worked unstintingly, made a name for himself in Stuttgart (the ancient German city that, two centuries ago, gave home to one of the greatest dance pioneers of all time—Jean Georges Noverre), and who returned to conquer the dance capital of the world, New York City. Coming up—all of America, and particularly Sacramento!

Editorial

Continued from page 16

Fergus Pope, our first field director, had completed his tour and was now back in the United States where he was getting adequate support for the immunization program now going on in Biafra. The newest member of the team was Dr. Davida Taylor, a lovely young lady who is a specialist in pediatrics and tropical medicine. The Biafran government had made available to us one of their leading pediatricians, Dr. Aaron Ifekwunigwe.

The old man listened carefully and then said how pleased he was to learn that Americans were directly involved in the relief effort.

I looked at his shriveled form and judged him to be about seventy-five. Later, I learned from one of the camp administrators that he had been living with his family in the north when the war broke out and had fled, like countless others, to the southeast. The trek had been more than 300 miles. It took thirty-eight days. And now he was one of five million refugees squeezed into what had already been one of the most populated regions in Africa. They are living in school buildings, in improvised shelters, and with friends and relatives. It is not unusual to come upon ten or more people sharing a single small room. Many sleep on the ground, but this is the wet season and it is cold at night. They have no blankets so they wear all the clothes they can find. And they carry on and are not without hope, as people do when things become bad enough. They do whatever they can for each other and spend a great deal of time with their young, taking over the duties of teachers as best they can.

When I returned to Owerri that evening and met Dr. Catchpool and Dr. Taylor, I learned that both of them had been in the city at the time of the bombing. They were inside one of the small buildings that had just been repaired after the devastation caused by the battle for the city only a few months ago. When the alert, a pistol shot, went off, there was not enough time to take shelter in the newly dug bunker in back of the house. So they dove to the floor, covered their heads with their hands, and waited until the thundering crescendo of the diving jets was no more.

We exchanged notes on the events of the day, then switched on the short-wave radio and listened to the latest reports about the lunar expedition. Then we turned in and contemplated man's credentials for distributing his splendor in the universe. —N. C.

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As Others See Us

LONDON:
Nixon's Visit to Rumania

IF MR. NIXON wanted to continue Mr. Johnson's "bridge-building" policy toward the smaller countries of Eastern Europe and to demonstrate the fact with a Presidential visit, Rumania was practically his only available choice. The Soviet rulers never liked the American bridge-building; since there was always some ambiguity about whether they were included or not, they decided to regard it as a form of meddling between them and their allies. Their suspicions are confirmed now that Mr. Nixon has picked out the most openly dissident of their allies for a Presidential visit, and they can find plenty of comment in the American press and on the airwaves to show that this is a gesture of encouragement to restlessness among the communist allies.

Whether it is really so intended none can say, since the knowledge, if it exists, is locked in the White House, where the foreign policy staff has been for some weeks under an injunction not to talk to the press. The reason is not the President's world tour (which actually requires publicity if it is to be counted a success) but the struggle between the various powers in the Administration to decide what proposals the American delegation should take to the arms limitation talks with the Russians when those talks eventually start. . . . —*The Economist.*

MEXICO:
The New Politics

AT THE END of Nelson Rockefeller's dramatic odyssey through Latin America—23,000 miles marked by deaths, tensions mounting to impressive levels, and disturbances of previously unseen dimensions—there has come the unmistakable conviction that the relations between the United States and these countries must be redeveloped in a new way. "We must change our foreign policy," declared the New York Governor. This change, he said, must be not only in "objectives" but also in "concepts."

Rockefeller should be warned that this should not refer only to commerce, despite the importance of commercial exchange to the countries of the south. It is the start of a revolution and other routes of action—other concepts—must be adopted. These must be undertaken to clear the confused situation born of the lack of real communication between the diverse parts of America. They must allow the development of the many communities that today are economically, socially, and culturally crippled.

If there is, in effect, a lack of absolute comprehension, there is the danger of regional misunderstandings leading to bitter conflict and a threat to peace and the stability of the continent. And none of this—it must be underlined—has anything to do with philanthropy or the price of raw materials. It seems paradoxical that this must be proclaimed so energetically at a time when the communications media are so prodigiously developed. The fact is that we don't know each other, and in this ignorance we accumulate resentments which can explode at any moment.

—*Excelsior.*

TAIPEI (TAIWAN):
Exporting the Red Guards

STUDENTS for a Democratic Society is an American student organization responsible for creating all campus riots across the United States. This organizer of all the recent campus riots and disturbances in the United States is receiving financial assistance from the Peking regime, according to U.S. Senator Jennings Randolph.

This is no surprise to us. Actually, we have time and again pointed out in these columns in the past few months that Peking is pulling the strings behind the scene in every campus and racial riot in the United States.

It is easy to understand why Mao Tse-tung is doing whatever he can to create turmoil in the United States, the leader of the free world he has avowed to bury. Mao knows more clearly than anybody else that his regime, which is teetering on the verge of a total collapse, can never bury a superpower like the United States. The only thing he can do is to undermine America's prestige. That is why he has been exporting the Red Guard movement to the United States.

—*China Post, as reprinted in the Free China Weekly.*

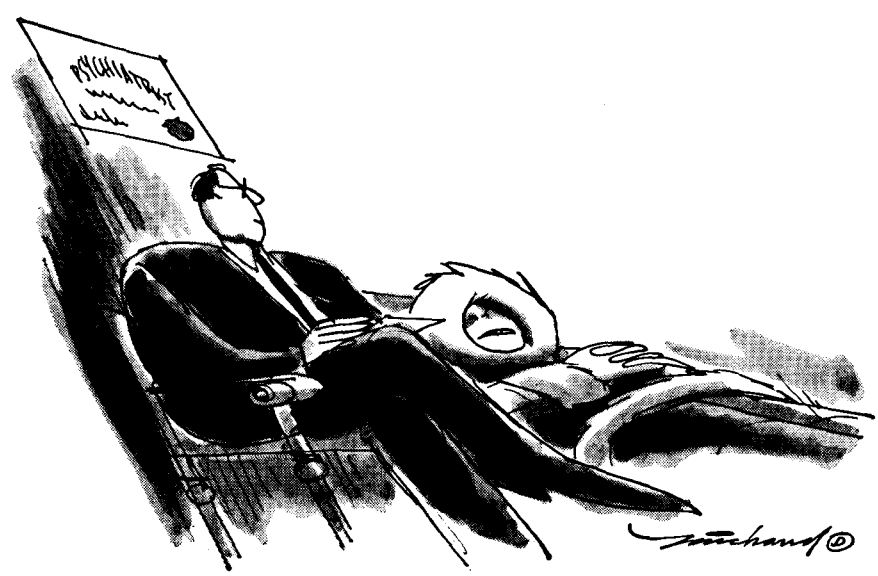
PARIS:
Rumanian Concern

IN BUCHAREST, more than anywhere else, people are wondering whether to be optimists or pessimists. The average Rumanian, who is usually more or less indifferent to sundry official visits, greeted the news of President Nixon's forthcoming visit with a mixture of astonishment, pleasure, and concern. The man in the street is happy to welcome a President of the United States and especially Richard Nixon, whose wife is purported to have Rumanian ancestors. Nevertheless, the Rumanians are concerned. They fear this visit may have disastrous effects on Rumanian-Soviet relations since the Czechoslovak affair is still recent—recent enough to cause fear. —*Le Nouvel Observateur.*

MANCHESTER:
Robbed or Otherwise Assailed

THE SOVIET MISSION to the United Nations in New York protested to the Americans recently that seventeen members of its vast delegation there had been mugged, robbed, or otherwise assailed. Wasn't this, they wanted to know, a deliberate affront to the great Soviet Union and its peace-loving diplomats?

Not at all, was the State Department's reassuring answer. No discrimination against Russians was involved.



"My wife is frigid . . ."

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The attacks on the Soviet diplomats were proportionately no higher than those on New York citizens as a whole. If anything, the Russians were lucky. The assaults were slightly below average. —*Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

MOSCOW: Accomplices of the U.S.?

AMERICAN BASES and garrisons in many South Asian countries now serve the aims of aggression against the people of Vietnam. Many are directly used by U.S. imperialism for armed interference in the affairs of Laos and for organizing endless provocations against Cambodia.

The conduct and support of armed aggressive actions is not, however, the sole aim of those who set up military bases in Southeast Asia. American bases are an instrument for bolstering avowedly puppet, anti-national regimes —such as those in Saigon and in Seoul —and a means of exerting constant pressure on the states that placed their territory at U.S. disposal for Pentagon bases. It is not accidental that the circle of Asian countries where American bases have been set up have become direct or indirect accomplices of U.S. imperialist aggression in Vietnam. These strongholds for the American military have become a constant threat to their neighbors, a source for increasing tension. —*Eric Alexeyev, Pravda.*

JERUSALEM: Soviet Intentions

THE U.S. ASSESSMENT of Soviet intentions in the Mideast is at variance with Israel's. The United States is interested in taking advantage of what it believes is Russian willingness to "defuse" the Mideast crisis. The U.S. interpretation is that the Russians want to avoid another June 1967 crisis and do not want to be faced once more with the "no-win" alternatives of confrontation with the U.S. or loss of prestige in Arab eyes. American diplomats are not certain that a settlement will come out of the current talks but they are convinced that there is value in the process itself. Americans acknowledge, however, that the Russians are not interested in peace or in a final Arab-Israeli settlement. Their model for Arab-Israeli relations appears to be similar to the relationship prevailing between East and West Germany. . . .

—*The Jerusalem Post Weekly.*

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1e, 2f, 3i, 4j, 5h, 6g, 7c, 8a, 9b, 10d.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 34: hardest, threads, hatreds.

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

Ousting Uncle Sugar

THE TIME for studies has passed; the time for action has come. The government can no longer merely "study" the issue of U.S. takeovers of Canadian wealth, as it is doing in the case of the takeover of Royal Securities, but must move to prevent further takeovers.

The mortgaging of our economy to the United States has gone beyond all reason. No other nation, outside of Central America, has tolerated the degree of foreign ownership which we are stuck with. . . .

This nation has allowed its foreign debts to rise to over six times their former level since 1945. Foreign takeovers should be declared illegal, and the start made on liquidating our foreign debts.

—*Edward Carrigan, The Telegram, Toronto.*

Shot Heard Round

TERRY COLEMAN seems to have been given the impression that the shot that sounded round the world was fired at Concord.

Surely the trigger was pulled at Lexington, where the embattled farmers lined up to oppose the British march to impound arms and ammunition at Concord. Naturally, they got the worst of the encounter, and very sensibly from then on the colonists fired at the British troops from behind cover. No doubt somebody somewhere is laughing heartily at the irony of the idea of a Republic, conceived in liberty, whose delivery was in fact effected by the rifle shot fired from ambush at the representatives of "law and order." But the credit should at least be given to those who stood up—and died—at Lexington.

—*Christopher Cox, Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

Applause on Order

PLEASE EXPLAIN the reasons for Husak's [First Secretary of the Communist Party] and Prime Minister Cernik's speeches at the CKD [factory of heavy machinery in Prague]! The arguments used by Husak and Cernik were very fitting for a hired mob that would scream and applaud whatever was said. The pack that gathered in the factory canteen will have great difficulty conveying to the people the "truth" uttered by the two speakers.

—*Ovidius, Rude Pravo, Prague.*

The Abortion Capital

THE NEWS THAT London has become "the abortion capital of the world" is reported to be causing surprise, consternation, and horror in the precincts of Whitehall and Westminster.

What surprises one is the surprise. Having done everything logically and legislatively possible to ensure precisely this grisly outcome, what did our blinkered, though well-intentioned, rulers expect? A reduction in the number of terminated pregnancies?

How else can one account for the ease and speed with which London has acquired the unsavory reputation of being not only The Abortion Capital of the World, or, less euphemistically, the abattoir of the world's unborn, but also a serious rival to Macao and Las Vegas?

—*H. P. Rae, The Times, London.*

Speed Traps

HERE IS A FAIR warning to Canadians using Interstate 87 to Albany (specifically in the area of Chesterton, New York) to stay within the 65 mph speed limit as the radar traps are well concealed, with state troopers spaced at intervals of three to five miles.

—*Rachel Holtzman, The Montreal Star.*

A Communist Speaks

SPEAKING AS A communist voter, while not wanting to insult you and noting that you are not with us, I ask you if the French are really stupid enough to think that I get my voting instructions from Moscow, or anywhere else. I vote for whoever will give me day-to-day protection of my daily life; whoever will concern himself with my salary and lodging; and whoever has a little consideration for me.

—*F. Levert, L'Express, Paris.*

Onward and Upward

IT'S BAD ENOUGH that this dastardly kidnapping of airliners to Cuba is still going on. Up until now the air pirates have stolen airplanes one at a time. But now with Saeta Airlines, owners of a single DC-3, a whole airline has been kidnapped.

Unsigned, El Tiempo, Bogota.

NU Convention Criticized

WE HEAR a lot of talk by Quebec politicians about the need for preserving French Canadian culture.

The proceedings at the recent National Union leadership convention would seem to indicate that French Canadian politics have succumbed completely to American influence.

As a point of interest, I wonder who paid for all the bands, miniskirted cheerleaders, and all the rest of the needless nonsense that has somehow become connected with politics. Would it by any chance be the much abused taxpayer?

—*D. Finlay, The Gazette, Montreal.*

—COMPILED BY NICHOLAS G. BALINT

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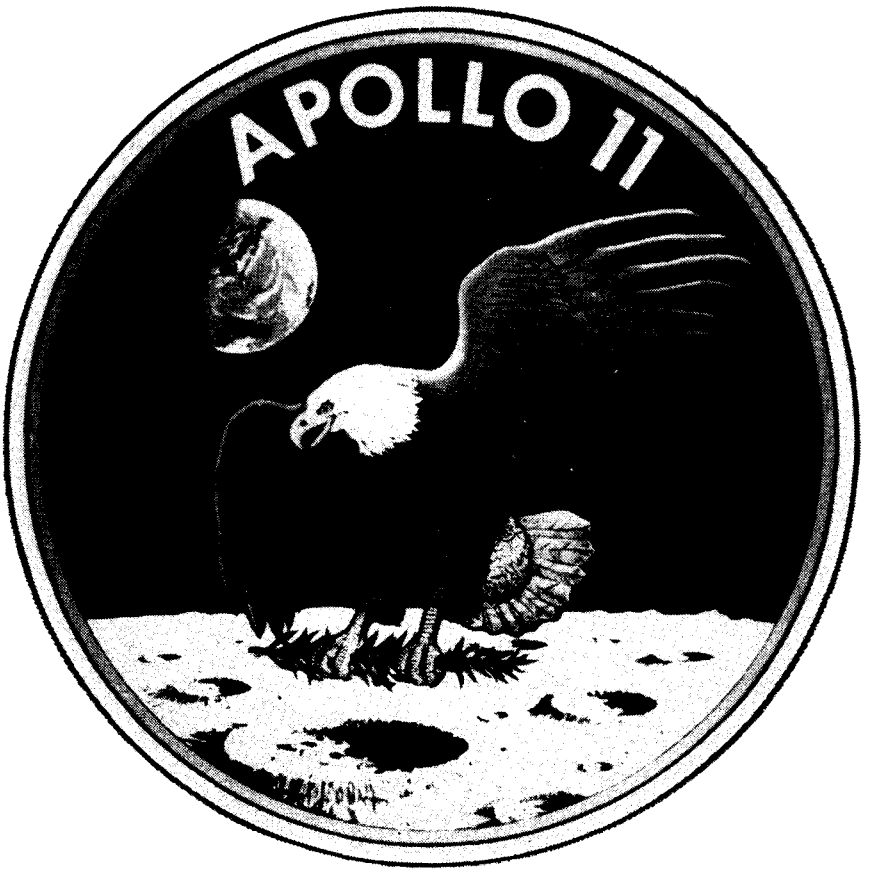
"IT IS FOR US TO GROW . . ."



After days of groping for words appropriate to the landing of the first earthmen on Earth's moon, I find myself unable to improve upon this sentence from the pen of Bertrand Russell:

> It is for us to grow to the stature of the cosmos, not to degrade the cosmos to the level of our feudal squabbles.

Lord Russell put his case in a long essay in *The Wall Street Journal* on the eve of *Apollo 11*'s departure for the moon:

> Projects for reaching the moon . . . were not considered in a spirit of scientific detachment, or as redounding to the credit of the human race. They were regarded instead as an opportunity for a race between rival great powers. It was felt that the important thing was not that the moon should be reached, but that it should be reached by our side (whichever that may be) sooner than the other. This is paltry, and makes the whole enterprise one in which it is difficult for sane men to see much of value. . . .
>
> I should wish to see a little more wisdom in the conduct of affairs on Earth before we extend our strident and deadly disputes to other parts. Mars and Venus shine very effectively and are a joy to behold in the night sky. I should not derive more pleasure from their brightness if debates were being conducted in Congress as to which of the two should be admitted to statehood, it being understood that one of them favors the Republicans and the other the Democrats.

To me, Lord Russell's philosophy is unanswerable. Yet, I cannot accept the admonitory title of the essay in which his argument was presented, *Let's Stay Off the Moon.* Millions of TV-watchers all over the Earth have seen two fellow humans hopping over the moon's surface like kangaroos, taking photographs, collecting rocks, setting up scientific experiments. Appetites are whetted. Only a tragedy could stop the four more moon voyages now planned. Our objective should be to place these in the perspective from which exploration of extraterrestrial space was first projected.

The very earliest outline of scientific problems to be encountered en route to the moon was written in a spirit of utter scientific detachment, and its stated purpose was "the glory of God." The author was Johannes Kepler, a German clergyman - turned - scientist. After working as a research associate of the celebrated Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe, Kepler succeeded Brahe as science adviser to the Hapsburg Emperor Rudolph in Prague. Using Brahe's observations of Mars, Kepler discovered how the planets move around the sun. Thus he made sense out of the Copernican theory of sun-centered astronomy.

Two of Kepler's three laws of planetary motion were published in 1609, the year before Galileo Galilei, across the Alps in Italy, wrote the first known report on how the heavens appeared through a telescope. When Galileo asked Kepler to comment on the telescopic observations, Kepler told him that during the previous summer (of 1609, that was) Kepler had put together a "geography of the moon" in readiness for the day when people would sail away from planet Earth "on the breezes of heaven."

Unfortunately, the text of the "lunar geography" was phrased as an allegory and Kepler's contemporaries could not understand it. In fact, the ensuing confusion was so thoroughgoing that Kepler's old mother endured trial as a witch on account of the book. She died from the effects of her imprisonment, and during the next twenty years her indignant son appended footnotes to the "geography" to explain what he had meant.

Read in the light of today's scientific knowledge, this manuscript is incredibly prescient. In it, Kepler foresaw the dangers of solar radiation, the need for enormous upward thrust to overcome the resistance of gravity in departing

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from Earth, the necessity of placing the bodies of space travelers prone and spreading out their limbs to distribute the shock of lift-off, the absence of oxygen at high altitudes, the ability to achieve a coasting state in the rare medium beyond Earth, and the ultimate capture of the travelers by the gravitational pull of the moon.

Kepler predicted that earthly visitors to the moon would be able to distinguish the shapes of terrestrial continents as the Earth turned, fifteen times round in a single lunar day. He forecast the alternating freezing cold and broiling heat of the lunar surface. He pointed out that on the moon the earthshine would rival the brightness of the sunshine.

Without Kepler's orbital laws, the voyages of *Apollo 8*, *10*, and *11* would have been out of the question. Yet this great German intellect of three-and-a-half centuries ago is still as little appreciated today as his implacable hatred of war—no matter who waged it—is understood and emulated.

Other peace-loving advocates of space exploration followed Kepler. In the late 1800s, a Russian school teacher, Konstantin Eduardovitch Tsiolkovskiy. In 1919, the American professor Robert Goddard. In 1923, the German theorist Hermann Oberth. Later the German-American Willy Ley and the American G. Robert Pendray.

The first official American approach toward extraterrestrial space exploration was the launching of an artificial earth satellite. The objective was strictly scientific—to determine the smallest rocket and the least expenditure of fuel required to loft a small ball into orbit around the planet. The project was part of the International Geophysical Year, eighteen months of global research into Earth-sun relationships.

Other nations were invited to make satellites, too, and thus to participate in exploration beyond Earth's atmosphere. But, with a cocksureness that amounted to arrogance, the Americans assumed that they would be first to reach the new frontier. Canadian newsmen in Moscow sent home word that the Russians were working on a definite timetable, and the gist of one of these dispatches was printed in the then new Science and Humanity supplement of *SR*. Almost no attention was paid to this news by the American scientific community, however, and most of the country sank into profound traumatic shock when radios around the globe heard the beep-beep signal of Sputnik I—the Soviet "fellow traveler" satellite—on October 4, 1957.

The proclaimed scientific objectives of the IGY were precipitously abandoned in the scalding hurt of American pride. Extraterrestrial space exploration quickly turned into a race to the moon. Military threats were conjured, and these were manipulated to induce the notion that manned spaceships were essential to national defense. When the late President John F. Kennedy eight years ago invited the American people to debate his proposal to land a man on the moon before 1970, the fear of jeopardizing the future of democracy was so deeply felt that only a few unusually brave men denied the imagined import of that objective.

Now that those other brave men—Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin, Jr.—have visited the moon, we cannot logically talk about staying off the moon. Instead, we must accept the consequences of having gone there. The apparent ease with which *Apollo 11* was landed has intensified the idolatrous expectations many people had for science even before the voyage. If a moonship is only half a minute late in arriving at a destination a quarter of a million miles away from Earth, why should the Long Island Railroad maintain the rickety schedules it does? If the building of colonies on the moon requires only a formal declaration of them as national goals, why should American city dwellers continue to wait for replacement of ghettos and slums? If *Apollo 11*'s mechanical devices could operate so dependably under remote controls, why should defects in thousands of new motorcars escape detection until after they have left the factory?

Up to now, somewhere between $25- and $35-billion has been spent on the moon project. Most of this money has gone into accommodations for the human travelers. Most of the earthly good that has come from the expenditure cannot honestly be attributed to the presence of men in spaceships. These accomplishments could have been achieved by instruments alone.

Vice President Spiro Agnew has proposed a "simple, ambitious, optimistic goal of a manned flight to Mars by the end of this century." Such a voyage would cost many times the price that has already been paid for the moon landing. Perhaps we ought not to be so ambitious, so optimistic, or so simple. We know so little about the moon that scientists disagree over whether it was worth the trouble to get there. We ought not to repeat this adolescent performance on Mars. The basic elements of space vehicle design can be just as useful, and probably more valuable, in exploration of the terrestrial oceans. Economy suggests that we reach for the stars and for the starfish from a common exploration policy. Whatever course we take should be fixed in consultation with all the other peoples of the Earth.

Thor Hyerdahl's Voyage

Last May, in a dispatch from Gizeh, home of Egypt's great pyramids, I reported the weaving of a big reed basket in which Thor Heyerdahl, the Norwegian explorer who crossed the Pacific Ocean on a raft of balsa logs nearly a quarter-century ago, intended to sail the Atlantic from Africa to Yucatan. This flimsy craft had been christened *Ra*, after the ancient Egyptian sun god. Heyerdahl's purpose was to show that the mysterious sun-worshiping and pyramid-building civilizations of Central and South America's buried past might have originated in the Mediterranean and ridden ocean currents westward ages before either the Norsemen or Christopher Columbus found their way to the New World.

In that report, I told how three black men from the Republic of Chad—master builders of papyrus reed boats for the Lake Chad traffic—were putting together a graceful swan-shaped boat with a tail taller than its neck. One passage of the report read:

> All three [of the blacks] have put on occasional shows of temperament, as genuine artists will when a patron offers unwelcome suggestions about their work. For generations past, it has been the tradition of Lake Chad reed boatmen to shape their boats like ducks, with low-slung necks and almost flat tails. Heyerdahl says that shape is fine for an inland waterway like mid-African Chad, but it just won't do for the open ocean. Since the *Ra* is going to depend on the equatorial current of the Atlantic as well as on the wind for propulsion, Heyerdahl argues that the boat must have a high tail bound tightly at the end like the tip of a tusk, so that the stern of the boat will be lifted by waves coming up from the rear before the waves can break and inundate the reed basket.

I recall that passage now because it has turned out to be prophetic.

The *Ra* sailed from the Moroccan port of Safi on May 25, after lying idle in the water there for eight days. At that point, Heyerdahl had lost more than half the time that experts on papyrus previously allotted to him before the *Ra*'s constituent reeds would rot and sink into the sea.

The earliest news that Heyerdahl sent from a portable radio transmitter on the *Ra* to George Pipal, of United Press International in New York (manager of the syndicate that is distributing Heyerdahl's personal account of the voyage to interested newspapers), were carefree lyrics about the Norseman's adventures with his eight sail-

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ing companions: six men from six nations, a monkey, and a duck.

The weather turned stormy while the *Ra* was still coasting south off Africa; the rudders broke under the beating of the wind and rain; but Heyerdahl reported that the papyrus boat was "riding the waves like a cork."

Two weeks later, off the westernmost of the Cape Verde Islands, another storm struck; a huge wave splintered the hardwood beam that had been substituted for the *Ra*'s smashed rudder; yet Heyerdahl reported "no sign of waterlogging" of the reeds he and his crew were floating on.

Another week passed. It was June 25. The *Ra* had sailed more than 1,600 miles—the distance from Liberia in Africa to Natal in Brazil. For the first time a note of embarrassment crept into Heyerdahl's radio reports to Pipal. When I heard of it I remembered what I had seen in the sands behind the pyramids at Gizeh. A weak point in the *Ra* had shown itself.

"It is the stern or aft section," Heyerdahl's message for that day said. He went on to explain:

> Our two Buduma boat builders, Mussa and Omar, flatly refused to build a raised stern on *Ra*. They said it was not to be that way. They were so stubborn that work on *Ra* had to be called off for two days. Mussa and Omar finally yielded, but their reluctance reduced the thickness of the papyrus bundles of the stern so much that the tail now sags behind the rest of the vessel, which floats extremely well.

The astonishing thing was that, after more than a month at sea, the papyrus reeds, far from disintegrating, had swollen into a nearly watertight hold, able to contain within itself a large pool of sea water between the *Ra*'s cabin and the boat's tail. *Ra* was carrying tons of water in this pool.

By the time of Heyerdahl's next radio message to Pipal, on July 2, the entire deck of *Ra* aft of the wickerwork cabin had sunk beneath the water. "There is no more ship behind the rear cabin wall," Heyerdahl reported. Only the tall tip of the curved tail stuck out of the sea some distance behind the sunken deck.

On July 9, Heyerdahl radioed *Ra*'s latest position—2,300 miles from Africa. For the first time, the Norwegian explorer indicated that the weakness in the boat's tail might prevent the *Ra* from completing its intended course of 3,450 nautical miles from Safi to Yucatan. But *Ra* had gone a distance equal to the distance between Ireland and Canada or between New York and Venezuela—half again as far as westernmost Africa is from easternmost South America.

"For security reasons and to enable us to produce a realistic expedition film with sequences showing *Ra* in its present condition," Heyerdahl announced that day, "I have decided to let our strongly molested craft be escorted on the last leg of our voyage by a small vessel probably coming from the West Indies."

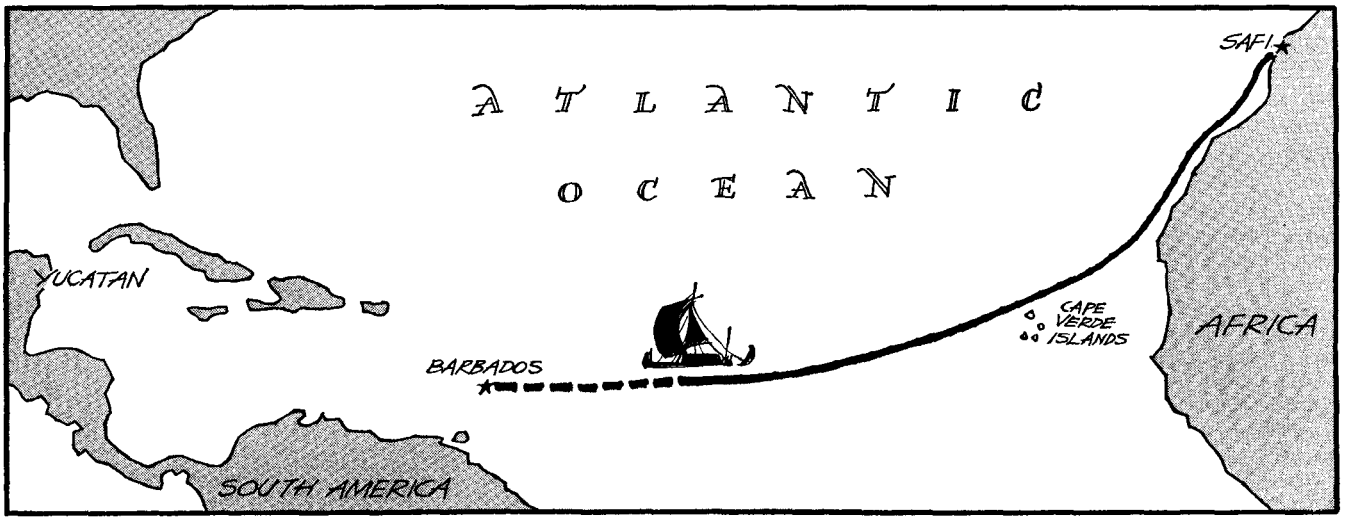
On the eleventh day of July, "with her stern bent down like a floating beach," *Ra* slowed from her earlier speed of 50 to 60 miles per day to 45 miles. A southward drift had shifted her probable destination from the island of Martinique to the island of Barbados.

By July 14, the 74-foot diesel-powered yacht, *Shenandoah*, owned by Martha Green and built like a Norwegian trawler, was on its way out from St. Croix to meet and photograph the crippled *Ra*. Heyerdahl apologized to Pipal: "Our once streamlined desert ship, with its noble Pharaonic grace, now looks like an old utilitarian cargo vessel—crooked, ragged, covered below by marine growth and above the sea by a crisscross of ropes holding the cabin and the broken and spliced woodwork together to permit us to steer along."

Heyerdahl now disclosed discovery of an unsuspected error in construction of his papyrus boat, "a detail which boatbuilders and archaeologists alike considered purely esthetic, devoid of any utilitarian function." He explained:

> All ancient Egyptian sailing vessels, even those of wood (which piously adhered to the papyrus prototype), had the upper tip of the elevated stern turned forward and inward above the rear section of the vessel. To keep this inward curve, a tight rope was stretched from the curved tip to the deck of the ship just in front of the tail. There was no apparent explanation for this consistent custom.
>
> Our papyrus boatbuilders from Lake Chad, who reluctantly had added the elevated stern to our vessel, removed the inward-pulling rope as soon as they found that the peculiar curve remained in shape even without the rope.
>
> The inward curve of the tail has no function indeed on a ship designed to stay on the Nile. But it is a most ingenious engineering device designed to keep the bottom of the stern pulled up in spring fashion when a papyrus ship sails across the large waves of an ocean. The great flexibility of a papyrus ship requires that the rear section of the vessel undulate independently of the amidship and forward sections.
>
> In other words, the rope was not there just to give the stern a pretty inward curve, but the inward curve was there to form the much-needed spring pulling the stern up. When we made this discovery, our sagging tail had already become so waterlogged that we can no longer expect to be able to lift it above the water.

By July 18, *Ra*'s sail had gone; Sinbad, the duck, had broken a leg; *Ra*'s crew was sleeping on the *Shenandoah* and visiting *Ra* by day. The papyrus boat was still afloat, drifting steadily toward Bridgetown, Barbados; Sinbad's leg was in splints and the monkey, Safi, was a-chatter. JOHN LEAR.



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What Would a Scientific Religion Be Like?

by H. G. MacPHERSON

The world is a far different place than it was when the last of the great religions of the world was founded some 1,300 years ago. The literature that serves as the basis of the world's religions was composed long before the world was proved to be round. Religious traditions and liturgies involve a number of beliefs and assumptions incompatible with present-day scientific sophistication.

Certainly the founders and early embellishers of the religions are not to be blamed for this situation. On the other hand, modern man cannot be expected to shut his mind to all that has happened in the last thousand years. A simple solution to the dilemma would be to strike religion from our lives, and, indeed, some have done just that. However, many others feel a real need for the values and spiritual support that religion has traditionally provided.

Much attention has been given to altering the extent and content of religious doctrine to make it more relevant to modern life. My purpose runs in an opposite direction: to examine scientific attitudes and knowledge to see if they leave some room for religion, and, if they do, to try to discern what the basic elements of that religion might be.

I shall approach the question from the point of view of a physical scientist, not because the views of the scientist are particularly important in religion but because the scientist is probably the hardest to please in what he will allow as permissible religious content. Since not all scientists think alike, I shall look through the eyes of a particular scientist, which is to say my own.

I shall begin with the two aspects of science that provoke the most clashes with religious beliefs. One is the method of thought of the scientist. The other is the solid body of proven scientific knowledge.

Any person who has the instincts of a scientist is a doubter by nature. He distrusts all statements that appear arbitrary to him, and he is on constant lookout for such statements. To accept a new fact, he must first be provided with carefully documented background information. He is especially reluctant to believe anything that appears to conflict with theories that have accurately described the relationship of previously verified events. He tends to believe what he has seen or what other trained observers have seen, provided all such events fit together in a natural way and can be correlated by general rules. Essentially all other reported events he classes as exceptions to the order observed in nature and therefore of doubtful verity.

This attitude seems, and is, very repressive. If it were the only significant characteristic of the scientist, he would be a very dull companion indeed, one who would dampen enthusiasm and discourage joy. Fortunately, most scientists possess other attributes that make them at least passable companions. Furthermore, great scientists have fertile imaginations and insatiable curiosities that drive them to new discoveries capable of surviving the scientist's own suspicious scrutiny.

It goes almost without saying that the scientist cannot accept most religious literature as fact. All the traditional religions are based on myths and legends that have a high content of miraculous or unnatural events. This situation is readily understandable because many of the stories were transmitted by word of mouth through generations of people steeped in superstition. The scientist cannot believe that these miracles or unnatural events really occurred; there is no verifiable supporting evidence, and they do not fit into the pattern of knowledge we now have of the physical world. If the scientist displays tolerance to such biblical stories as that of the virgin birth, a tenet common to several religions, it is on the same basis that he repeats the story of Santa Claus to his children.

A common ingredient of many religions is faith. If we mean by faith the acceptance of a set of ideas without proof, it must be admitted that faith has a place in everyone's life, for the world is too complicated to allow time for proof of every little step. However, faith, in the religious sense, is often interpreted to require blind acceptance

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H. G. (for Herbert Grenfell) MacPherson won a Ph.D in physics from the University of California at Berkeley and a key from the Phi Beta Kappa scholastic fraternity. Since 1964, he has been deputy director of Oak Ridge National Laboratory at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, where he ranks among the experts on use of molten salts to fuel peacetime nuclear furnaces. He is affiliated with the United Church of Oak Ridge, an interdenominational Protestant body. He joins Oak Ridge neighbors in United Church worship "occasionally."

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of a complex set of beliefs—some of which involve the supernatural—and of a god possessing supernatural powers. The doubting nature of the scientist prevents him from having this kind of faith. When a complex of beliefs is held aloof from rational inquiry, the scientist is alienated.

I have already indicated that the scientist will accept new facts provided they reach his consciousness by a certain route, which may be designated by the term "controlled experiment." The experiment is like a play in which the stage setting is carefully and precisely arranged and the actors have well-known characteristics. When the curtain rises, the starting situation is specified exactly, even including the positions of the actors on the stage. Then the action is allowed to proceed without interference, and a trained observer watches what occurs. For the physical scientist, the actors are inanimate, or at least incapable of original thought and independent decision, and so the scientist expects the action to take place exactly the same way each time the play is enacted. If the action is not the same in two successive playings, then the assumption is made that the initial conditions were not identical or that the actors have changed.

How, then, can the scientist believe that prayer can alter the course of events? If he is a good scientist, he must believe that the result of an experiment is determined completely by the physical conditions surrounding the experiment. If it were otherwise, the poor scientist would be in terrible shape. He would not know whether a negative result was obtained because of something he did or as a consequence of the prayer of the man in the next room. Imagine trying to derive a theory of gravity if a lead weight, instead of falling, should sometimes rise because of divine intercession!

It may be pointed out that many scientists do pray. I suspect that this is a manifestation of the fact that they are human beings as well as scientists. It is probable that most of the prayers said by scientists in public are of a ceremonial type, customary in the group, and done as a ritual that has social value among the human spirits assembled. Prayers are also said by scientists in deep privacy as an expression of their personal humility and their admitted inability to cope with all of the problems that face them. The true scientist, however, does not expect any physical intercession as a result of his prayer. The results he expects, or hopes for, are tone-setting or therapeutic in nature. If he prays at a public meeting, he can expect that the interruption provided by the prayer will momentarily bring the group to unified attention and to a common starting point for further proceedings. When he prays alone, he can expect pyschological help from the relaxation afforded by the assumption of a submissive attitude. These are undoubtedly beneficial effects and may be of religious significance. Unfortunately, these events are likely to leave the scientist with some feelings of hypocrisy for engaging in the rites of a religion in which he lacks absolute faith.

A slightly different aspect of the conflict between science and religion arises from a comparison of the accumulated body of scientific knowledge with the beliefs, traditions, and practices of religion. The distinction between this view of the problem and that arising from consideration of the doubting nature of the scientist himself may seem a little contrived, but it becomes important when we consider the significance of the limits of science. There is a limitation not only on the areas of human experience that the scientist can investigate, but on the knowledge that can be accumulated about nature and the universe. In considering the restrictions imposed on religious belief by scientific knowledge, it is necessary to include the anticipated growth in scientific knowledge over the next few centuries. To anticipate such knowledge accurately is, of course, impossible, but we must do the best we can if we are to adopt religious ideas valid over a lifetime.

Take the belief that some people have in the physical existence of heaven or hell. Men have explored the entire surface of the Earth and found neither place. Quite a bit is known about the interior of the earth, and much more will be learned in future years; no scientist expects to find a heavenly sanctuary there, or a habitable hell. Earthmen will probably complete exploration of the solar system within a hundred years, and scientists hold little hope of finding anywhere in the system conditions suitable for a heaven. Our present knowledge of the physical limits to speed of travel makes planets of stars other than the sun seem quite improbable as practical sites for an afterlife. In short, our present and anticipated knowledge of scientific facts would seem to eliminate the possibility of heaven as a real place where transformed humans can pursue activities that have any real appeal to us.

Another example of a conflict between religion and scientific knowledge lies in the story of the origin of the world. In the literature of many religions there are folktales about how it all started, but these tales are not compatible with present knowledge. An understanding of the physical world gained in the past half-century now allows plausible descriptions of the sequence of events. According to one popular theory, the universe started off at time zero as a relatively small ball of fire, with a concentration of radiant energy so great that it is difficult to imagine. Radiation pressure forced this ball of fire to expand at a very rapid rate. The ball cooled as it expanded, and the formation of the chemical elements and their condensation into the various forms of matter followed in a scientifically logical way. New knowledge about the universe is continually accumulating, and the scientific story of creation will continue to unfold for a long time to come.

What, then, are the limits of the scientist's domain? There seem to be two important ones. First is the probable limit of his ability to probe the universe and gain knowledge of its laws. For example, in regard to the scientific speculation about the early history of the universe, little attention has been given to the question of how the fireball came into being at time zero. The suggestion has been made that prior to the start of the expansion there was a contraction of the universe which led to the initial condition, ready for the current expansion. But even if one postulates an oscillating universe, alternately expanding and contracting, one's imagination must eventually stumble back to a time, however long ago, that the universe got started. It seems probable that science will never tell us for sure what was happening just before that beginning, or how the matter and energy and space that we call the universe came into being in the first place. Furthermore, although the scientist believes that the natural physical laws of the universe existed in their present form even at time zero, he cannot fully understand why these laws are as he has found them, rather than their being quite different. Hence, there are cosmic mysteries of the physical world that the scientist concedes to be beyond his powers of investigation and understanding, therefore outside his domain.

If one chooses, one can regard these

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regions beyond the domain of the scientist as the territory of a supreme deity. As Krishna says in the Bhagavad-Gita, "I am the source of the forthgoing of the whole universe and likewise the place of its dissolving. There is naught whatsover higher than I. All this is threaded on me, as rows of pearls on a string."

Acceptance of such a thought can provide the comfort of a verbal description of a universe that has no gaps. One can complete the picture by saying, "God created the universe and its laws." If the scientist were to subscribe to this, he would do so with an awareness that he was substituting one mystery for another. He is rather likely to refer to this god in an allegorical sense, expressing his awe in contemplation of the grandeur of nature.

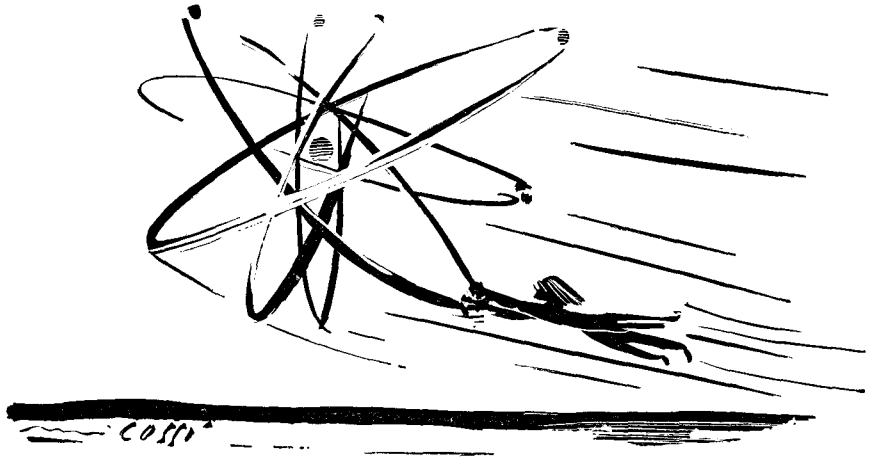
The second area that lies outside the domain of the scientist is that of animal consciousness. The essence of animal consciousness is the awareness of one's own existence, an awareness that is apparently common to all of the higher animals. The conscious animal learns that he exists by becoming aware of information received through the senses. He experiences an external world by feeling, hearing, tasting, smelling, and seeing it. His consciousness also allows him to be aware of judgments on whether the sensations are pleasant or hurtful. These judgments, checked against past experience and basic biological urges such as hunger or sex, lead to feelings of fear, friendship, love, and hatred.

It takes only a small amount of reflection to realize that the phenomenon of conscious existence, which we believe to be beyond the scope of the scientist, is of more importance to us than any of the things that are within the scientist's domain. Science can deal only with the setting within which this conscious awareness exists. The setting largely determines the opportunity for a higher quality of existence. For example, the physical world in which the scientist operates determines the food we eat and how we get it, the clothing we wear, our housing, transportation, heat and refrigeration, sanitation, and medicine. Without our conscious awareness, however, all of these benefits of science and technology would be of no significance.

How sure are we that animal consciousness is not amenable to future scientific exploration, explanation, and synthesis? The physical scientist intuitively places this realm outside his area of investigative competence, but some biophysicists find the field challenging. For example, R. L. Sinsheimer has stated, "Indeed, it may be supposed that even the deepest mystery, the nature of mind and sensation and consciousness, will be understood in the end as a natural consequence of matter in a certain state of organization."

Even if this supposition should prove correct, there still would be the question of the nature and extent of the understanding of the physical basis of consciousness. In any case, it is probably safe to assume that in the foreseeable future man will not be able to synthesize an object or a being with a capability for consciousness approaching his own.

The quality of consciousness appears to vary a great deal among different people, and also changes during the life of each individual. Factors affecting the quality of consciousness include such things as inherent intellectual capability and the pattern of attitudes and habits that the person has assumed through past associations. What is referred to here as the human spirit encompasses the entire range of the quality and intensity of the individual. External manifestations of this spirit are the personality of the individual, his actions (as evidences of the mental choices he has made), and his communication with others, whether by verbal or other means.



Although a full understanding of the mechanism of consciousness lies outside the domain of the scientist, it is appropriate to examine the available evidence in order to try to discover some broad truths about consciousness and the human spirit. Since the richest source of evidence about the human spirit is subjective—obtained by examining our own thoughts and by making personal interpretations of other people's behavior—the scientist will squirm, for he has been trained to be objective. He will cringe at the lack of experimental controls. However, he would agree that it is better to look where the information is abundant rather than rule out all but the most sterile information as would be done if we limited ourselves to scientifically verifiable sources.

The spirit can be examined in several ways. One is by observation of people and other animals that possess the capability of consciousness; another is by listening to what people tell us about their thoughts, either verbally or in their writings; and a third is by introspection. For each of us, introspection should give the sharpest and least distorted picture, because it is a direct path involving a minimum of intervening interpretation. However, the variety of experience with conscious thought among different people is so great that we must consider the evidence from others as well.

The first observation to be noted is that the spirit either makes life joyous and satisfying or converts life into something considerably less than satisfactory. The happy feelings that we can appreciate are many. Some of them seem to come from purely physical sensations, but without conscious realization they would give hardly any satisfaction. A simple example is the joy of a flaming sunset, the variations of red and orange in the clouds. The transmission of these as radiant energy to the eye and conversion of the energy to an optical nerve impulse are all physical phenomena explained by science. The pleasure is something else again.

Another, somewhat more complex, example is the effect of an orchestral performance of a symphony. The members of the orchestra manipulate instruments that put sonic vibrations of different frequencies and various wave forms into the air. The vibrations are transmitted by compression waves to the ear of the listener, where they are translated into a mechanical motion of the eardrum, and the sensation is passed on to the brain by electrical impulses along nerves. These are all physical processes, scientifically under-

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stood and interesting to know about, but yielding no musical satisfaction. If the listener has never heard music of that kind before, his reaction is likely to be rather dull; a generous portion of musical education is required for the fullest enjoyment. It is clear that what makes the performance of the orchestra worthwhile is not the mechanical production of sonic vibrations, but the response to these vibrations in the consciousness of the listener.

Probably our greatest awareness of the wondrous importance of the spirit comes through the emotions. It is true that physiological changes accompany shifts in our emotions, but, for example, the effects of adrenalin in the blood do not seem important in comparison with the fear or anger that invades our conscious existence. Similarly, feelings of love and friendship are accompanied by physiological changes, but it is the conscious experience that is important to us.

A second important observation is that the spirit of an individual is not a fixed thing given him at birth and lasting unchanged until death. A person's spirit develops with age, and its direction and intensity of development depend strongly on the surrounding spirits with which it comes into contact. The attention now accorded to the application of "tender loving care" in early childhood attests to the common acceptance of the importance of early childhood experiences in the development of a well-adjusted person. On the other hand, if a person is brought up with people who are always bitter and cynical, it is unlikely that he will develop a warm and optimistic character. Similarly, the extent and type of education received by a person will strongly influence the quality of his consciousness and, thus, his spirit. For example, if a person does not learn to read easily, he can never absorb much of the wisdom and beauty that abounds in literature.

Although persistent and long lasting environmental influences are undoubtedly the most effective in molding character or developing one's spirit, strong effects of short-term encounters often occur. These apparently sudden shifts in patterns of thought may very well be preceded by longer-term influences that predispose a person to be susceptible, but there is no doubt that sudden changes of outlook do occur. The best known ones are in religious lore, such as the conversion of Paul or the dreams of Mohammed. However, most of us have had experiences, which others might consider trivial, that have had a strong influence on our pattern of thinking. Typically, our attention is focused on a particular remark or comment so that we establish it firmly in our minds, while the person who made the remark goes his way and rapidly forgets the occasion. The ever present possibility of evoking, in our turn, significant changes in another person's spirit through a short-term contact is something to be remembered.

The development of a strong spirit seems to demand contact with other spirits. Enjoyment of life, which is one manifestation of a strong spirit, cannot be experienced to any great extent in isolation. A number of people like to think of themselves as going it alone, but if they reflect carefully, they will find that their goals and satisfactions are derived from previous contact with living spirits, if not directly, then indirectly through reading or other remote means of influence. Similarly, their sense of achievement comes from the reaction of others.

As each of us thinks about his own spirit, the wonder of it grows. Here certainly is something more than just flesh and bone or nervous tissue. The question naturally occurs: "How can this complicated presence, above and beyond the physical world, disappear when we die?" Men have always been tormented by this conundrum, and it leads all of us to examine the possibility of immortality. Since animal consciousness is not at present explainable in terms of scientific concepts, are we not at liberty to assume that, whatever this spirit is, it can exist after death? This view would provide a great deal of comfort; perhaps it would be permissible to make whatever assumptions we like about something of such an uncertain nature. To please the scientist, however, the available evidence must be examined rigorously.

What evidence have we, the living, received from spirits of the departed? There is no scientifically verified evidence. The continued existence of spirits in a wholly spirit world, out of contact with living people, is an interesting concept, and may provide solace at the death of a loved one. It is, however, an assumption that the scientist cannot support.

There are other limits to the view of an afterlife of spirits. One of these is the thought that spirit is a quality developed during a person's life on earth, therefore probably specifically suited to earthly existence. Certainly the quality of consciousness develops from a small beginning during a person's lifetime; it cannot be considered as a something that has neither a beginning nor an end. It also seems to be true that the total quality that we call spirit can suffer some degradation in the old age of a person afflicted with a disease that causes deterioration of the brain. It is true that what we call character usually suffers less than the apparent intelligence of such a person, but the combination of character with intelligent response that usually is associated with the term "spirit" visibly diminishes in such cases before death occurs. For these reasons my own view is that a person's spirit is a quality associated with a person's life, a quality that develops for better or worse during that person's life. This spirit can live on only through the effects it works on other people's lives.

I have already noted the strong influence that spirits have on each other. The development of a strong spirit, or a benign spirit, depends on the leading and encouraging influence of other spirits. So a very real kind of immortality is available, in fact inescapable.

All religions contain within their structure a set of rules for behavior: definitions of the good and the bad. Many people, on losing faith in their religion, also lose faith in the arbitrary rules and seek new guides arrived at by logical method. As a scientist, I find an acceptable logic in the values that arise from interactions with fellow humans. Broadly speaking, I look at the effect of my actions and attitudes on the spirits of those about me. Where this influence helps those about me to meet the problems of life in healthy and constructive ways, then I regard my actions and attitudes as good. Conversely, if I do things that turn out to be harmful to the spirit of others, then I have done wrong.

The application of this principle is fairly straightforward. For example, the willful destruction of another spirit is obviously bad for that spirit and the rule "Thou shalt not kill" is quickly verified. Other instances of bad behavior are just as easily identified. From them it is possible to evolve a guide to what I *should* be doing, namely, those things that help to bring about the full development of other human spirits.

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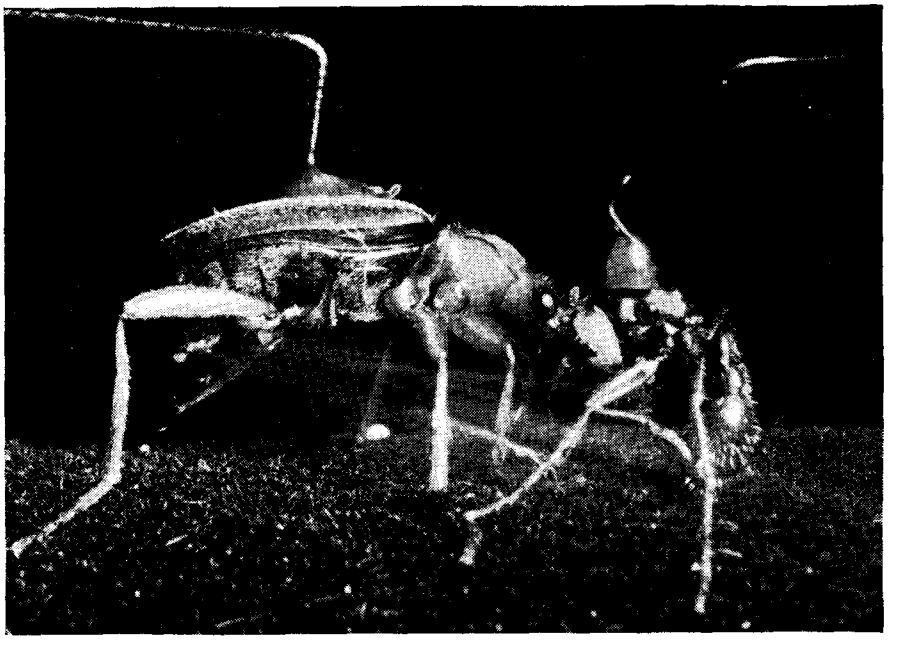
The Ingenuities of Nature



The bombardier beetle firing at an ant.

More than 100 years ago, the entomologist J. O. Westwood, quoting a traveler returned from South America, wrote that certain large beetles of the genus *Brachinus* "on being seized . . . immediately . . . play off their artillery, burning . . . the flesh to such a degree, that only few specimens (can) be captured with the naked hand." *Brachinus* is a widely distributed genus of Carabidae, whose members have long been known to naturalists as bombardier beetles. Their "artillery" is a defensive spray, ejected from a pair of glands that open at the tip of the abdomen. The spray is visible as mist, and the discharge occurs with an audible detonation.

Each gland of *Brachinus* is a two-compartmented apparatus. The inner compartment is a reservoir containing an aqueous solution of hydroquinones (hydroquinone and methylhydroquinone) and hydrogen peroxide, while the outer compartment is a vestibule containing a mixture of catalases and peroxidases.

In order to effect a discharge, the beetle squeezes some reservoir fluid into the vestibule, thereby triggering what is essentially an instantaneous and explosive set of events: the catalases promote the decomposition of hydrogen peroxide, while the peroxidases force the oxidation of the hydroquinones to their respective quinones. Under pressure of the free oxygen, the mixture "pops" out. The active defensive principles of the secretion are the quinones generated in the discharge. They are strongly repellent to many predators.

Bombardiers can spray repeatedly and in quick succession; as many as twenty-nine discharges have been elicited from a single beetle. Through rotation of the abdominal tip they can eject the spray in virtually any direction, and they always aim it toward the foe.

Given the known concentration of the reactants (hydrogen peroxide, 25 per cent; both hydroquinones, 10 per cent), as well as the thermodynamic properties of the reaction they undergo, it is possible to predict within certain limits the heat content and temperature of the spray.

Assuming that the reactions go to completion, we conclude that they are accompanied by the evolution of 0.19 calorie of heat per milligram of solution. This quantity of heat is sufficient to heat the spray to the boiling point (212 degrees Fahrenheit) and to vaporize about one-fifth of it.

Measurements of the heat content of the spray were made with a calorimeter, consisting of a small cylinder of copper foil, encased in an insulating jacket. Individual beetles, held by hooks cemented to the thorax and maneuvered with a micromanipulator, were slid rear-end-first into the open end of the calorimeter, until contact with a pointed shaft that had been preinstalled in the cylinder caused them to discharge into the instrument. Heat measurements were made on a total of thirty-two discharges, from three separate beetles. The amounts of secretion ejected were determined by weighing the beetles before and after each discharge. Heat content of the spray is in close accord with the theoretically predicted heat of formation of the spray.

Measurements of temperature of the spray were made, with a thermocouple, on several dozen discharges, from nine beetles. The value obtained was consistently 212 degrees F. as predicted.

By causing bombardier beetles to discharge onto a thermocouple that acted as the trigger to an electronic flash unit, it was possible to obtain photographs of the spray during the moment of its emergence. The pictures generally conformed to prediction. Part of the secretion is forcibly ejected as discrete droplets, while the remainder is emitted in what appears to be a turbulent cloud of vapor.

Photographic proof of the unerring marksmanship of the beetles was also obtained. Attacks were staged in which individual live ants (*Pogonomyrmex badius*) were induced to bite appendages of tethered bombardiers. The moment an ant clamped down with its mandibles, the beetle responded by spraying, and the discharge invariably hit the assailant "full blast."

Although the quinones are intrinsically repellent even when cold, the thermal properties of the spray undoubtedly contribute to the overall defensive potential of the secretion. Even a relatively small specimen of *Brachinus* can impart a distinct burning sensation when it is held in the fingers, and particularly if it should discharge in rapid succession, as it often does. At a more sensitive site, such as on the human lip, even a single discharge may be felt as "hot" (as we determined by actual trial). The burning sensation is truly attributable to a thermal effect, since the general integument is not immediately sensitive to the irritant properties of benzoquinones (only the eyes, other mucous surfaces, and sites of injured skin are instantly irritated). Thus, a bombardier beetle

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can make itself felt thermally, even where the chemical "message" cannot get through.

The defense mechanism of *Brachinus*, although anomalous, is not unique. We have studied two other carabid beetles, a species of *Metrius*, and a Panamanian member of the tribe Ozaenini, which also discharge hot quinones, but which apparently have evolved this capability independently from *Brachinus*.

—Daniel J. Aneshansley,
Thomas Eisner,
Joanne M. Widom,
and Benjamin Widom,
of Cornell University,
in *Science*.

✔ ✔ ✔

About half of the energy in sunlight does not come in the part of the spectrum that plants can use, and about a quarter of what could be used is reflected from the leaf surface. There is little prospect of finding crops for which these statements are not true, so we must probably become reconciled to a 63 per cent loss of light in any system of farming.

This lost energy should not be regarded as wholly wasted. It evaporates water from the leaves and so maintains the transpiration stream which brings nutrients from the roots to the leaves; it also warms the leaves and so circulates the air that brings carbon dioxide to them.

In bright sunshine at midday, enough light falls on a square yard of Earth's surface to yield 8 grams of dry plant matter of average composition in a crop that uses the energy from the light at 4 per cent efficiency. The process necessitates an absorption of 11 grams of carbon dioxide. Air contains 0.046 per cent of carbon dioxide by weight, and a cubic yard of air weighs about a kilogram. So 24 cubic yards of air would be needed to supply the 11 grams of carbon dioxide.

In practice the rate of photosynthesis decreases as carbon dioxide is used up. An efficiency of 4 per cent will not be maintained unless the air surrounding a crop is being renewed at such a rate that only about a quarter of its carbon dioxide is being abstracted. Each square yard of crop must therefore be thoroughly penetrated by 100 cubic yards of air during an hour; and it must be new air—not air that has already had its carbon dioxide depleted by a neighboring square yard of crop.

A good farmer uses sunlight with about 0.5 per cent efficiency, so that it is only shortage of carbon dioxide during the one or two weeks of peak growth that restricts growth.

—N. W. Pirie,
in *Food Resources: Conventional and Novel*
(Penguin Press, Inc.).

✔ ✔ ✔

A final word is called for on something our microbes do, not so much for us as with us—a piece of work of beneficence at long range, although we might be deeply offended by it if we were not beyond such sentiment. Once we are dead—and indeed before we actually die when we do so little by little, in terminal illness rather than sudden accident — the barriers that keep the microbes outside in life come down, and the work is begun of returning our substance to the economy of nature. What happens thereafter is known less from direct studies of necrobacteriologists—at all events, I know of few such—than by piecing together much test-tube knowledge. There must be great changes among the normal microbes [that live on man, numbering in trillions], with emergence of those suited to the lowering temperatures and a now frankly saprophytic situation. It is hard to say at what point the ministrations of these descendants of the life on man are augmented by those of the microbes of soil. No matter; we may rest assured that our microbes, in the best interests of posterity, perform these last rites for us.

—Theodor Rosebury,
in *Life on Man*
(Viking Press).

✔ ✔ ✔

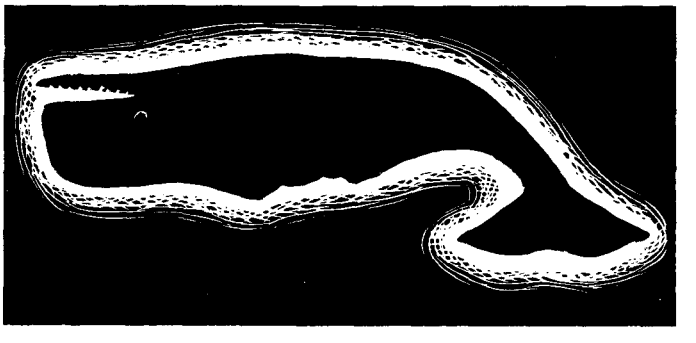
Much of the work on the physiology of sperm whales stems from a desire to explain their peculiar behavior—how they are able to dive so deep and stay under so long. Scientists are constantly groping for clues in their structure to account for such facts. Their body tissues and organs have been analyzed and compared with what is known of similar cell groups in man and in laboratory animals—dogs and cats, for example.

So far, nothing remarkable has been discovered about whale blood. It has about the same volume in relation to body weight as that of land mammals. The size of the heart also has the same relation to that of the body, in a full-grown sperm whale it weighs from 300 to 400 pounds. The heart beats twenty times a minute, but this is reasonable for such a large animal. The aorta is enormous—bigger than a stovepipe—but that too is not surprising in a whale.

The important fact about whale blood in relation to heat regulation is that the whale has parallel systems of blood vessels. Sometimes an artery and a vein lie side by side; in other parts of the body an artery will be surrounded by a ring of small veins, like a TV coaxial cable. In either arrangement, the warm blood flowing out to the skin gives up part of its heat to the returning venous blood and in this way saves the heat from being lost in contact with the cold water. These countercurrent systems are found all over the body and seem to work together, under some mysterious control, like traffic systems.

Other factors are also important in heat regulation, a task that is a thousand times greater for a whale resting quietly in a polar sea than for one swimming actively at the equator. First, the whale's body shape is advantageous for this purpose. Whales are all smooth and rounded, with short appendages. This shape, like that of a thermos bottle, conserves heat.

—Victor B. Scheffer,
in *The Year of the Whale*
(Charles Scribner's Sons).



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Fluoridation and the Dentist

Proponents of fluoridation of public drinking water—the United States Public Health Service among them—claim that addition of one part of fluoride to a million parts of water will prevent tooth decay in 60 to 70 per cent of children up to sixteen years of age who drink the water.

If this claim is justified, elementary logic suggests that the pattern of dental practice in towns supplied with fluoridated water ought to differ substantially from the pattern of dental practice in towns where water is not fluoridated.

Do such differences in fact exist?

In the belief that the answer would be affirmative, three researchers at the University of Illinois College of Dentistry three-and-a-half years ago asked USPHS to finance a study of eight sets of American communities to discover how extensive the differences were. The towns were closely matched to bring out the assumed advantages of fluoridated water over unfluoridated water: Aurora (fluoridated), Freeport, and Kankakee, Illinois; Kewanee (fluoridated) and Centralia, Illinois; Marion (fluoridated) and Sandusky, Ohio; Joliet, Illinois (fluoridated), and Mansfield, Ohio; Elwood (fluoridated) and Connersville, Indiana; Huntington (fluoridated) and Shelbyville, Indiana; Frankfort (fluoridated) and Crawfordsville, Indiana; Pueblo, Colorado (fluoridated), and Beaumont, Texas.

USPHS put $50,000 into a two-year feasibility study and then, in the autumn of 1966, added $167,000 to pay for the actual research project.

No reports of findings have yet been published in medical journals or elsewhere in the scientific literature. But on June 10 last, the office of public information at the Medical Center, University of Illinois (Chicago), mailed to communications media throughout the country a press release worded:

> Fluoridated water, a well-known agent for improving dental health, has apparently had little effect on dental practice, according to initial research findings at the University of Illinois College of Dentistry, Chicago.
>
> Preliminary results indicate there is little difference between dental practice in communities with fluoridated water and communities with a fluoride deficiency, says Dr. Bruce L. Douglas, principal investigator for the three-and-a-half-year research project that has compared dental practice in eight sets of communities.
>
> Dr. Douglas, professor of community dentistry, and Miss Sylvia Coppersmith, field director and a laboratory program administrative assistant . . ., assisted by Dr. Donald A. Wallace, professor of dental radiology . . ., began the project with the hypothesis that water fluoridation alters the nature of dental practice.
>
> They expected to find variations in dental treatment, patient loads, and dentists' income and practices in communities with fluoridated water.
>
> However, they have found an apparently similar number of patients who seek dental treatment in both types of communities. They also have found that most patients apparently visit a dentist when they are in pain or obviously in need of care; few people go for preventive dental care.
>
> After many studies proving fluoride's effectiveness in fighting cavities, this research marks the first large-scale attempt to measure its effect on the private-practicing dentist.
>
> One possible explanation for fluoridation's apparent minimal impact on dental practice is that population growth has outstripped the availability of dentists to attend to the dental needs of the public, even in fluoridated communites.
>
> * * *
>
> As an adjunct to the larger research project, Dr. Douglas and Miss Coppersmith also have discovered that fluoridated water has little effect on the age at which children first visit a dentist's office, also contrary to original expectations.

The press release did not include population statistics to support the view that population growth might explain the departure of the real situation from the one that the researchers had originally supposed. United States Census Bureau figures for the towns concerned in the years 1950 and 1960 are listed below:

	1950	1960
Aurora	50,576	63,715
Freeport	22,467	26,802
Kankakee	25,856	27,666
Kewanee	16,821	16,324
Centralia	13,863	13,904
Marion	33,817	37,079
Sandusky	29,375	31,989
Joliet	51,601	66,780
Mansfield	43,564	47,325
Elwood	11,362	11,793
Connersville	15,550	17,698
Huntington	15,079	16,185
Shelbyville	11,734	14,744
Frankfort	15,028	15,302
Crawfordsville	12,851	14,466
Pueblo	63,685	91,181
Beaumont	94,014	119,175

If shifts in population do not explain the absence of fluoridation's anticipated effect on dental practice, it seems reasonable to ask: What does? USPHS should examine this question as vigorously as it has promoted fluoridation.

—J. L.

"I'll bet you forgot to thank my father for the lovely wedding."

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Letters to the Science Editor

Signpost for Handler

AT A TIME when the Duke University environment is providing our nation with one of its top scientific advisers, Dr. Philip Handler ["Will the Science Brain Bank Go Conglomerate," *SR*, July 5], it is ironic that this very environment is being threatened. A portion of Duke Forest, "the only forest in the country with a forestry school of its own," has been leased by Duke University to a large industrial firm. One factor in the choice of this site is the availability of New Hope Creek for waste disposal. At present, this stream flows through the forest for many miles virtually unaffected by man. Alternate sites with the desirable characteristics of New Hope Creek do not exist nearby.

In an age of increasing ecological crisis, the Research Triangle universities (Duke University, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and North Carolina State University) have been prominent in developing programs to study, understand, and act upon ecological problems. This type of research requires, among other things, the availability of areas unaffected by man. Since, over billions of years, less efficient ecosystems are selected against, our remaining natural systems represent the best means of survival. Man can learn a great deal about organizing his own societies by studying these natural societies. Our very survival may be dependent upon this.

Although this is a local issue, its implications are much broader. If we can no longer protect our ecological research facilities, what hope can there be for the rest of the world?

John Lear reports that Dr. Handler does not yet know where his current experiments will take him. I can only hope that in his new capacity as president of the National Academy of Sciences, Dr. Handler might move in the direction of understanding and eliminating the existing and potential desecration of our environment that all too often has been the result of man's previous science.

CHARLES A. S. HALL,
University of North Carolina,
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Horned Moon

DR. J. J. GILVARRY has me (and I am sure many others) on the horns of a dilemma. In his article, "What Are the Mascons?" [*SR*, June 7], he says the moon is about "one-fifth the present terrestrial radius, one-ninetieth the present terrestrial mass."

All astronomy books say the barycenter of the Earth-moon system, found by apparent solar diameter at lunar semiperiods, is 2,903 statute miles from the center of Earth mass; with this figure the mass of the moon would be about 1/81.3 that of Earth, not one-ninetieth. Also, the diameter (or radius) ratio to the Earth is given as about 27 per cent, or closer to one-fourth than one-fifth.

Dr. Gilvarry should be willing to clarify this discrepancy from traditional data.

HARRY L. GEPHART,
Lt. Col. USAF (Retired),
Assistant Professor,
Mechanical Engineering,
New Mexico State University,
Las Cruces, N.M.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Gilvarry says: "Colonel Gephart is completely correct. The ratio of the radii is closer to one-fourth than to one-fifth, the mass ratio is nearly one-eightieth. This is a regrettable slip, which happily does not affect the accuracy of the gravity ratio with which the mascons are primarily related."*

THE ARTICLE "What Are the Mascons?" was interesting. Several questions come to mind, however. Mr. Gilvarry states that he had made calculations showing that instead of adding mass to the moon, meteorites "would hit at such speed that they would pulverize themselves, shoot the pulverizations off into space, and pare mass from the point where they struck the lunar surface." Fine. From a solid or "frozen" surface. But surely Mr. Gilvarry is aware that the action and effects of a projectile must be considered in relation to the consistency of the target medium. If he assumes that the meteoric impacts occurred while the moon was still in a "plastic" state, or molten beneath a thin crust, then perhaps he might take a second look at his "pulverizations." And by what line of reasoning does he assume that the "sedimentary rocks" would possess greater mass or density than the surrounding crust? This would seem to require the assumption that the material which was washed into craters was inherently more dense than that not so transported.

LEON SINES,
Templeton, Calif.

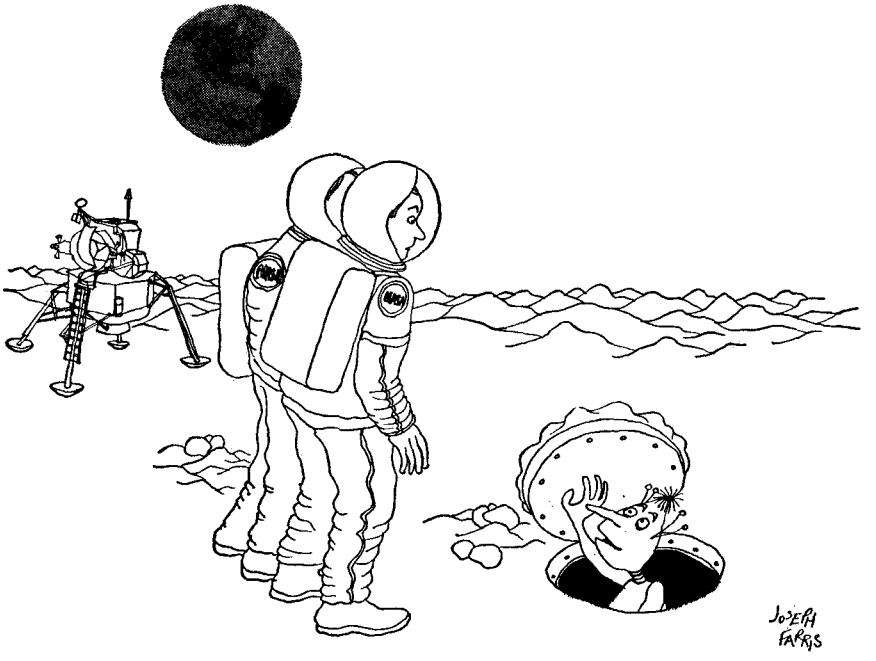
EDITOR'S NOTE: *Meteorites arrive on the moon at speeds well in excess of a mile a second. At that speed, the effect of the kinetic energy alone is about equal to that of an equivalent mass of TNT. As in the case of an explosion from TNT, the effect would not depend on whether the blasted object were plastic or not. A jump from a bridge as high as the Golden Gate or the Brooklyn Bridge results in instantaneous death from the impact, whether the jumper lands in the water (plastic) or on the deck (solid) of a passing steamer. The essential requirement for meteoritic shaving of the lunar surface is that no atmosphere be present on the moon at the time. An atmosphere slows down the ejected particles and returns them to the parent body, as happens on the Earth.*

At no point did Dr. Gilvarry state that sedimentary rocks would possess greater mass or density than the surrounding crust. He attributed the magnetic anomaly of the mascons to their uncompensated isostasy.

AFTER READING the many *SR* articles on mascons, moons, and craters, I remain confused as to the nature of craters. If craters are round, the impacting object or meteor should come in perpendicular to lunar surface. Would you not expect some to come in at least semi-tangentially; at high speed, would these not hit an oblique blow leading to elliptical or oval or egg-shaped craters? Yet, I have never seen such in a moon photo.

PHILIP SELLING, M.D.,
Portland, Ore.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Most meteors strike at such high speeds that they penetrate the surface and then explode. The explosion leaves a round crater. Oval-shaped craters*



"I'm the man in the moon. Who are you?"

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would result only from impact of meteors traveling at very low velocities. Some astronomers say that close observation of the lunar surface will reveal a small number of such ovals.

A Misquotation

IT WOULD be nice if the editor of the *AMA News* would convey the points you made ["Fluoridation and the Physician," *SR*, June 7] to his readers, but I suppose this is wishful thinking.

ALBERT W. BURGSTAHLER,
Professor of Chemistry,
University of Kansas,
Lawrence, Kan.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A copy of the report referred to by Professor Burgstahler was mailed to Mr. Marvin L. Rowlands, Jr., editor of AMA News, who replied that he found "little merit" in it.*

Mr. Rowlands complained that the report had misquoted AMA News. He is correct. The SR report said "AMA News quoted USPHS as saying that 'in most cases' the bloodstream of a regular user of an artificial kidney is exposed to approximately 900 quarts of water a week . . . ." AMA News did not use the qualifying phrase "in most cases." USPHS used those words, but AMA did not reproduce the qualifiers. To that extent, AMA News exaggerated the already misleading USPHS statement on the effects of fluoridated water.

Far for a Camel?

WILL JONATHAN'S REPORT on "The Three Worlds of the Camel" [*SR*, April 5] says "a tiny precursor of the modern camel family appeared in the land now occupied by the states of Wyoming and Utah." Later on, the report states that "these miniature creatures . . . didn't wander far from their original home."

I refute Mr. Jonathan's statements; the tiny creatures must have wandered across the border into Nebraska. At the Scottsbluff National Monument, Nebraska, there is a display of and an explanation about a great accumulation of fossil bones found at Agate Springs, 40 miles north of Scottsbluff in western Nebraska. The bones include those of a small gazelle-like camel. A quarry yielded many complete skeletons of this small camel (*stenomylus*) about the size of a small goat. Similar skeletons are also on display at the University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska.

MRS. KATHLYN KING LUNDGREN,
Library-Media Services Center Director,
Scottsbluff Public Schools,
Scottsbluff, Neb.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *According to the Encyclopaedia Britannica World Atlas, Scottsbluff is 21 miles east of the border of Wyoming, Agate Springs 14.5 miles.*

Heyerdahl's Research

JOHN LEAR'S REPORT on "Thor Heyerdahl's Next Voyage" [*SR*, May 3] seemed to reflect little knowledge of ancient Egypt's maritime power, especially of the famed voyage to Punt. Subsequent letters from Arthur G. Barrett and the Reverend W. Lee Truman ["Heyerdahl's Voyage," *SR*, July 5] cited biblical references to the use of pitch in waterproofing reed boats. It is curious that, on a venture such as Heyerdahl is undertaking, a bit more study was not given to just what the Egyptians had accomplished, rather than relying on present-day practices of primitive people with reed lake boats.

In *The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, written by S. J. Gardner Wilkinson, DCL, FRS, FRGS, and revised by Samuel Birch, LLD, DCL, (3 volumes, S. E. Cassino & Co., Boston, 1883) pages 205 through 228 of Volume 2 carry a full description of the kinds and sizes of boats and ships built by the Egyptians from the earliest dynasties. Plans, the kind of wood for large ships used in commerce and war, reed boats waterproofed with skins and pitch are all mentioned, with details concerning rudders, oars, sails of papyrus and linen. There are illustrations. Special note is made of the comfort of the cabins.

Thor Heyerdahl's voyage is exciting and I'm cheering him on his way to a successful landing. It could have been done by the Egyptians but not in quite so primitive a manner as he has imposed upon himself.

EDYTHE FERRIS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

MAY I add to the background of *Scirpus tatora* Kunth, the papyrus-like sedge that grows around Lake Titicaca in South America and is commonly referred to as a reed ["Thor Heyerdahl's Next Voyage"].

When and how *tatora* came to the shores of Lake Titicaca no one can say. At the time the Spanish arrived in southern Peru, the Indians of that area were already living in huts thatched with *tatora*. The natives likely entered their property through a *tatora* gate and fed their domestic stock the starchy horizontal stems of harvested *tatora* plants. At the same time the Indians themselves ate *tatora*'s starchy stems.

The quintessence of *tatora* culture are the now famed boats that for several hundred years have plied the waters of gigantic Lake Titicaca. The Lake Titicaca peoples perfected the boats long before Iberian man stuck an astonished toe into this refrigerated body of water. Entire fleets were and are built, fleets that include models all the way from one-man hunting boats to immense affairs capable of transporting a family of no small size plus all the family possessions. These larger craft not infrequently come equipped with one or more vertical masts, from which sails are unfurled. The tribes sail from one part of the lake to the other. Considering that one loses sight of land long before traversing Titicaca, there is real risk of encountering fierce windstorms en route.

The most interesting side effect of the *tatora* plants in the early sixteenth-century confrontation between Spanish and Indian peoples is found in the Uros culture. This now reduced tribe of Indians evaded the marauding foreigners by hiding in the reeds. The fugitives built floating mats of cut reed that in time accumulated a semistable foundation able to support humans. While that forced adoption of a completely aquatic life occurred more than 400 years ago, the Uros Indians still remain on their floating man-made islands.

At present in the altiplano area of Peru and Bolivia, the picture of *tatora* dependency has changed but little.

Most of the information penned above comes from studies carried out by Mrs. Griffin and myself while on assignment to Peru as Fulbright lecture grantees in the year 1965.

DANA GRIFFIN, III,
Assistant Professor of Botany,
Curator of Bryophytes,
Lichens, and Algae,
University of Florida,
Gainesville, Fla.

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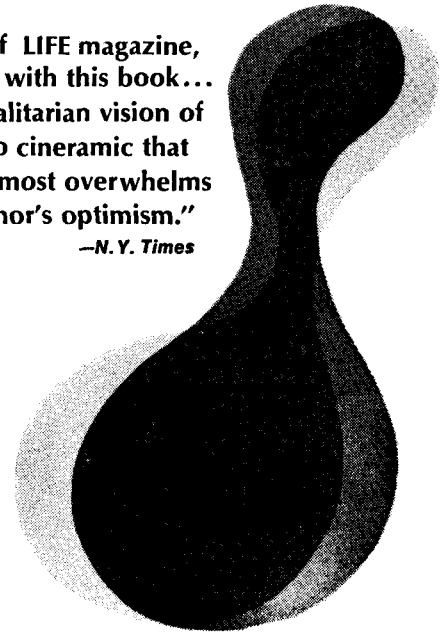

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Robert Kennedy

Continued from page 21

Walinsky were as influential in their radicalism as Newfield says, why were they so "mysteriously" absent from all discussions on whether or not Kennedy should run in New Hampshire?

And the book contains two inaccuracies. Senator McGovern, not Senators Morse and Gruening, made the first major speech against Vietnam; at least, that's what Robert Kennedy himself believed. (In 1963 in his maiden speech on the Senate floor, with his friend JFK still in the White House, McGovern predicted that "the trap we have fallen into [in Vietnam] will haunt us in every corner of the revolutionary globe"; and he added that money now spent on the military must be utilized in cities. The speech is almost a cruel joke to read six years later.)

Newfield also makes the popular assumption that Chester Bowles was exiled to India for being "right" about Vietnam and for publicly criticizing the Bay of Pigs. In fact, President Kennedy and Bowles had been extensively incompatible since the convention, and the State Department had taken advantage of this to do a hatchet job on Bowles for his reforming tendencies.

But I hope there will be more printings, more editions. Though not as well written as David Halberstam's, Newfield's book has more facts: a detailed explanation, for instance, of New York's Bedford-Stuyvesant project. It is the best combination of information and understanding so far.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1356

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1356 will be found in the next issue.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1355

The fellow that says, "I may be wrong, but—" does not believe there can be any such possibility.

—KIN HUBBARD.

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BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants you! Good jobs. Adventure. Forms and Australian Handbook (1969) describing Australian assisted passage, passport-visa, advantages, opportunities. $1.00 Buckeye, Box 1032CN, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $400 to $2,500 month. Expenses paid. Free information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

MONTESSORI TEACHER WANTED: Villa Montessori, Box 15, Cupertino, California 95014.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

DUBLIN, N.H.—Charming house, European flavor, 2 bedrooms, studio and workshop, outbuildings. 3 acres. SR Box P-534.

1830 FARMHOUSE, natural swimming pool, secluded, protected acres near cosmopolitan Vermont village and major ski areas. Box P-670.

CIRCA 1800, 12 room house, 2 fireplaces, original state. 2 acres. $7,500. Ernest B. Knapp, Realtor, 92 Pioneer Street, Cooperstown, N.Y. 13326.

NEAR WOODSTOCK, VERMONT, restored farmhouse, 15 acres, barn, stream, seclusion. $37,500. Terms. Sargent & Westcott, Box 195S, Woodstock, Vermont 05091.

GARRISON LAKE—3 bedroom modern home. Quiet, peaceful. $22,500. Refreshing climate. Box 261, Port Orford, Oregon 97465.

NORTH SHORE—Queens, NYC. 18th century gem. 10 adaptable rooms, modern conveniences. ½ acre. Excellent commuting. Box P-659.

For Sale—Furnished

SPAIN—Charming secluded house and beautiful garden overlooking Malaga and sea. 2 bedrooms, 3 baths, garage, fireplace, studio. Modern, furnished. $40,000 or best offer. Guy Murchie, Marlboro, N.H. 03455.

GREENVILLE, N.Y. Catskill area. Year round 6 room furnished house. Large screened porch. 2⅝ acres. Garage. $11,000. SR Box P-654.

For Fall Rental

MINNESOTA—Home on lake in birch woods. Clear, crisp, peaceful. Owner's boats, firewood. September-October. Box P-648.

HOUSE WANTED

OLD GREENWICH: Architect's family desires rent house Old Greenwich area by September. SR Box P-667.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

OVERLOOKING TANGIER—comfortable flats, garden, access restaurants, beaches, markets. Car, servants available, meals. Michael Burn, Boite Postale 2040, Tangier, Sacco, Morocco.

ACAPULCO—1 and 2 bedroom apartments. Private beach and pier. Hotel service. SR Box P-531.

CHICAGO. Charming, modern 3½ rooms. September-May. $170. 312-248-4832.

APARTMENT WANTED

To Rent—Unfurnished

SR STAFFER'S frenzied need: 3 room rent controlled apartment, NYC, midtown, East side. Box M-201.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-2433.

COASTAL PROPERTY on Maine's incredibly beautiful seacoast. From under $2,000. Free brochure with complete aerial and ground photographs in full color. Englishmans Bay Company, Box 1017, Ellsworth, Maine. 207-667-5900.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

LAND FOR SALE: Northern Vermont beauty available without billboards. Brooks. Views, Skiing, Lake Frontage, Timberland, Farms, Summer or year round residences. Free Brochure. Write Box N-614.

SOUTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE—All types. Aneta Petersen, Broker, Townshend, Vermont. 802-365-7332.

"BUY LAND. They're not making any more of it."—Will Rogers. Invest in beauty. Bar Harbor, Winter Harbor, Deer Isle, Frenchman Bay . . . Beautiful Maine oceanfront 1 to 5 acre properties "on the bold water" at $5,600 to $17,000. Or just steps away from the ocean at $2,800-$5,000. And Northeast Airlines flies you there direct. Call 207-667-5956 or write Box 45-GG, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

GRACEFULNESS IN COUNTRY LIVING. North Central Massachusetts 14 room Colonial farm, 158 acres, large barn, 3 additional year around homes, swimming pool, tennis court, ideal research center, school, country club, or rest home. $200,000. Fantastic potential. W. R. Woodruff, Realtor, 199 Summer Street, Fitchburg, Massachusetts 01420.

YORK, Maine woodlands. Approximately 20 acres. Right of way on old logging road. $1,600. 603-742-1718, 207-439-0780.

ALL TYPES PROPERTIES. Near skiing. Write requirements. Clyde Hastings, Broker, Windsor, Vermont 05089.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

ADIRONDACKS — College-School property. Furnished. Large campus. Lake. Lease $800 month. Sell $10,000 down. Box P-665.

VACATIONS

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $70 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

WORLD FELLOWSHIP offers a splendid combination of recreation in beautiful mountain-lake country, congenial dialogue among people from different states and lands—and conferences on subjects that have to do with life and peace on this earth. For information, write World Fellowship, Conway, N.H. 03818.

ONLY 2 HOURS from Boston—90 acre estate. Enchanting combination of sweetly scented pine groves and majestic ocean cliffs. View 7 miles to sea 3 directions. Dinner—Cocktails—Pool—Golf. Nearby Beaches, Theatre, etc. May into October. Ogunquit 5, Maine 03907. The Cliff House & Motels.

SWIM IN ST. THOMAS in your own private pool this week. We'll give you a lush vacation house with its own private swimming pool secluded in a walled garden on St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, where the weather is perfect year 'round. With living room, bedroom, dressing room, kitchen and bath. Maid service. Air-conditioned. Sensible rates. Call your travel agent now, or Robert F. Warner, 630 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10019, 212-JU 6-5400. Pavilions & Pools, Box 2208, St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

OGUNQUIT. Famous vacation center. Late August is especially good because of warmer water, more sunshine, greater choice of accommodations. For information write Dept. 15, Information Bureau, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

LUXURY SCANDINAVIAN VILLAS—St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Near finest beaches. 212-LE 2-7700.

(Continued on page 56)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 55)

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. The Duffys' by the Sea, a tropical guesthouse where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Excellent beach. Sympathique bar. Reasonable. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

CRIPPLE CREEK, COLORADO, romantic, historic ghost gold mining camp. Imperial Hotel features oldest and best gay 90's melodrama theatre, gourmet foods, elegant rooms, also camper trailer accommodations.

LOVE HAWAII BUT HATE HOTELS? Rent by month a 1-, 2-, 3-bedroom cottage that combines luxurious decor and convenience with simple housekeeping. Private beach property in breathtaking landscape on lovely Maui Island; near golf and shopping. Details, photos: Victor Martin, 1301 Harper, Detroit, Michigan 48211.

DIVI DIVI—no doub'e talk, it's the name of the newest Dutch treat, the DIVI DIVI Beach Hotel, Aruba, Netherlands, West Indies. Enjoy a unique private casita with beachfront patio. Now open with full resort facilities for your every pleasure on its 1,000 ft. sugar sand beach. Contact Utell International, Essex House, New York, N.Y. 10019. 212-PL 7-2981.

SHIPMATES WANTED—"barefoot" and congenial. Join Schooner Cruises. Remote West Indies, Grenadines, Windwards, Leewards. 11 days, $240. Windjammer Cruises, P.O. Box 120, Dept. 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

BEST FOOD IN VERMONT is found at the Green Mountain Inn in Stowe. Since 1833. Rooms and everything else, too. Motels even.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Reducing, Fasting. Natural Foods. Brochure: SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—Country inn. Tranquillity. Comestibles. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811.

VACATION ABOARD MYSTIC WHALER! Glorious, adventuresome days UNDER SAIL . . . New England coast, summers; Drake's Passage, Virgin Islands, Winters. Always smooth sailing. All-new U.S. flag windjammer. Greatest Vacation in America! Brochure: MYSTIC WHALER, Mystic, Connecticut. 203-249-9341.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

13 LUCKY PEOPLE—Thirteen Acres. Thompson Ridge, N.Y. 914-874-2801. Quiet, charming resort. Dietary laws.

OPEN OCEAN COTTAGES—Large, new, insulated. Housekeeping, electric heat. Openings September-October. Thompson House Cottages, New Harbor, Maine 04554.

INDIA HOUSE, NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS. Attractive turn-of-the-18th-century residence, a comfortable home base for young and old lovers and discoverers of Nantucket. 8 clean, cheery rooms, private baths. 5 minutes to beaches, sailing, galleries, surfing, antiques, tennis. Singles $12, doubles $22-$24 daily E.P. Lower after September 15th. Gourmet breakfasts, dinners from July 4th. Open April-January. 37 India Street. Tel. 617-228-9043. You'll love it!

WILEY INN—PERU, VERMONT. Relaxing country Inn on 22 acres. Heated Pool. Brochure available. 802-824-6600.

JAMAICA, OCHO RIOS AREA. Where it is cool throughout the year. Two specially built Villas on sea. E.P. or A.P. rates available. Adults only. Write for colored brochure to "Resort Villas," P.O. Box 299, Kingston, Jamaica, W.I.

FLORIDA KEYS IN SUMMER? Positively. Cooled by summer trade winds, Rainbow Bend Fishing Club offers spacious air-conditioned oceanfront apartments, sandy beach. Fish, swim, snorkel, birdwatch, sail. Folder. Box 2447, Marathon Shores, Florida.

VACATIONS

COWBOYS AND INDIANS, comfort and beauty, peace and quiet. The West still lives in this northwest corner of Nebraska. Not a dude ranch. Richardson Hereford Ranch, Box 191R, Crawford, Nebraska 69339. Telephone 308-665-1346.

LUDLOW, VERMONT—Green grass, lake, horses, golf. Johnston Farm Lodge. Call 802-228-3751.

LOVELY TWO-LAKE SETTING in deep woods for an ideal vacation off highways—perfect swimming and boating, fine food, good music, tennis, other sports, outdoor buffets, 1,000 volume library, game room, card room, etc. Tanglewood nearby. A place SR readers have been coming back to year after year. Rustic lodge, cottages, cabins. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts 01238.

ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA—Sort of "South Seas-ish." Luxury motels, beautiful beaches. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-Q, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

1778 SWIFTWATER INN—POCONOS. Forest walks, streams; country dining; heated pool; no pressure. Box 127, Swiftwater, Pennsylvania 18370.

THE HERMITAGE—Secluded, small country inn, a connoisseur's delight. Folder. Wilmington 5, Vermont 05363.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey, seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD."

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE offers American college students stimulating academic year program in HEIDELBERG (upperclassmen); and in castle near STUTTGART (underclassmen) September-June, $1,950; American credit system; quarter-length European Seminars in Berlin; two six-week SUMMER COURSES. Write Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany, or U. R. Laves, Director, U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. Phone 405-842-5979.

COLLEGE STUDENTS: Study aboard ship. Related in-port programs. Applications accepted now for fully-accredited Fall, Spring 1969-'70 semesters. Fall semesters visit Western Europe, Mediterranean, Northwest Africa, South America; Spring semesters visit the Orient, India and Africa. Write: World Campus Afloat, Dept. SR, Chapman College, Orange, California 92666.

TRAVEL

OVERSEAS NATURE TOURS, 1969: We investigate the natural history of the world, emphasizing bird observation but seeking broad ecological coverage. Three-week overseas tours: AFRICA: Three routes—South, Central, East Africa and Madagascar; summer. LATIN AMERICA. Yucatan, Colombia (extraordinary ornithological experience), Mexico, throughout year. Also two-week NORTH AMERICAN tours: Florida, Arizona, Texas, West Coast and exceptional coverage of Alaska. Come along! Crowder Nature Tours, Box 222-R, Harpers Ferry, W.Va. 25425.

GOING ABROAD? Store your car safely in New York. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Bronx 62, N.Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.25. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZEA Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

CENTRAL AMERICA ON WHEELS—Thrilling 15 day travel adventure from $598. Write for brochure. Amazon Explorers, Dept. SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

TRAVEL

TIRED OF CONVENTIONAL HOLIDAYS? There is variety, excitement and flexibility when Andy and Alice Colquhoun skillfully guide you on an EAST AFRICAN Wildlife Photographic Safari. Box 168, Thomson's Falls, Kenya.

HAVE AIRPLANE, will share adventure Caribbean, South America, anywhere, 14 years experience. Edgren, R.R. 4, Oskaloosa, Iowa 52577.

CASTLE-HOTELS, FLEA MARKETS. Delightful European guidebooks. New revised 1969 "Castle-Hotels of Europe"—450 castles-monasteries, palaces offering accommodations, 16 countries, 250 illustrations, maps. $2.95 paperback, $4.50 hardbound. "Europe's Flea Markets, Budget Antique Shops"—80 markets, 10 countries, street maps. $2.95 paperback. Both paperbacks $5.50. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

LUNA DI MIELE SOLAMENTE Per Gli Innamorati—if I were a Bride . . . I would entreat my groom to transport me to the Hither Hills . . . to be embraced by the magic of Montauk . . . to enjoy the beginning of an eternal love affair in the golden amber glow of Moonrise . . . to listen to the heartbeat of the pounding surf . . . a heartbeat that has lured lovers for eons of time. For a special honeymoon package rate, call or write Nick Monte, Keeper of the Inn, Gurney's Inn, Oceanfront Cottages & Hostelry, "On the Brink O' the Beach," in the Village of Montauk, Town of East Hampton, County of Suffolk, Long Island, State of New York, United States of America, Planet Earth 11954. 212-895-6400. Open All Year.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

AUTO BABYSITTERS OF NYC. INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than outdoor airport/pier parking. Pick up/delivery—airports, piers, hotels. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 212-493-9800.

FRIENDLY NATIVE GUIDES show you CANYONLANDS by jeep, jet boat and float boat. Tag-A-Long Tours, Dept. H, Moab, Utah 84532.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

ENJOY LONDON MORE, and save money, too, with "London Discovery 1969"—pocket-size guidebook with discount certificates at places where Londoners themselves eat, shop, have fun. Pays for itself over and over again. Send $4.95 (ppd) to London Discovery, Dept. SR-13, P.O. Box 2028, Detroit, Michigan 48231.

TIMBUCTU—17 days all inclusive tour New York/Timbuctu, the fabulous Sahara capitol. $998. Departures October 6th and November 3rd. Write for brochure. African Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

THIS AD + $6.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air-conditioning. Single-$9.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

MOVING ABROAD? ARTHUR MORGAN SCHOOL may be the answer for your 7th or 8th grade child. Informal, noncompetitive. Work program. Mountain setting. 24 boys and girls. Arthur Morgan School, Burnsville 5. N.C. 28714.

BASKETVILLE—World's Largest Basket Stores. In Vermont—PUTNEY (Rts. 5 & 91); MANCHESTER (Rt. 7); VENICE, Florida (Rt. 41). Browse among our incredible selection of baskets, bucketware, woodenware, gifts. Beautiful artificial flowers, foliage. Imported and domestic. Write: Folder.

TUDOR HOTEL, 304 East 42nd Street, New York 10017. On N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. One block from U.N. All transportation, churches, shops, theatres only steps away. All newly decorated accommodations have private bath, television and direct dial telephones. Old English lounge and restaurant is N.Y.'s favorite rendezvous. Singles from $10; double from $14 daily. Special family rooms featuring 2 baths and special rates for extended stays. Write for new brochure. 212-YU 6-8800.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1843

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Retreat from a position, back out; crustacean.	69 88 105 152 50 55 83 111
B. Game of chance.	135 150 159 161 170
C. Destitute of foliage leaves.	206 71 94 118 157 176 194 202
D. Dug up; brought to light.	42 45 52 61 74 85 108 144 186
E. American film director, winner of 1955 Academy Award for "Marty" (full name).	14 20 57 156 163 167 177 24 27 65 78
F. Agent or representative; messenger.	79 113 128 132 142 153 162 181
G. Small, quarrelsome person; diminutive; saucy; type of fowl.	193 9 21 28 34 63
H. Ascertainment of one's true position.	67 91 106 147 171 184 15 41 81 99 101
I. Graves and Meursault, for instance (2 wds.)	182 199 204 3 12 18 29 96 102 149
J. In Greek mythology, primeval creature, half man and half serpent.	158 173 183 188 200 10 120 129 139 197 73 87
K. Tawdry, disreputable.	127 138 145 90 109 169 4
L. Struck; impressed suddenly; in love.	6 33 39 54 58 75 115
M. Prominent Greek family of Phanariots; home of Eastern Michigan University.	192 203 17 95 180 47 151 165 168
N. Large island of the Ryukyu chain.	178 35 116 190 56 196 70
O. Final argument, last resort (2 Lat. wds.)	112 207 11 134 80 121 148 125 62 1 23
P. Provoke, vex.	26 43 66 72 8 25
Q. 16th-cent. London printer who printed the first edition of the Book of Common Prayer.	97 40 114 146 205 30 110
R. Landing pier or a wharf.	143 172 209 107 16
S. One who makes a condensed account or abstract.	60 124 44 117 201 133 84 93 119
T. Eligibility, capacity; physical condition.	68 136 126 31 64 103 174
U. Cleopatra's nurse in Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra."	104 137 141 122 131 195 5 77 98 123
V. Spiny anteaters.	7 191 185 208 76 2 155 22
W. American mountain ash (2 wds.)	59 160 46 37 179 140 13 92 36
X. Make a brief visit (2 wds.)	32 198 49 166 51 210
Y. "The gentleness of heaven broods ——." (contr. and 2 wds.; Wordsworth "It Is a Beauteous Evening.")	100 187 48 130 19 89 154 82 164
Z. One of the Leeward Islands, in a group with St. Kitts and Anguilla.	175 189 38 86 53

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 O	2 V	■	3 I	4 K	5 U	6 L	7 V	■	8 P	9 G	10 J	11 O	12 I	13 W	■	14 E								
15 H	16 R	17 M	■	18 I	19 Y	20 E	21 G	■	22 V	23 O	24 E	25 P	■	26 P	27 E	28 G								
29 I	30 Q	31 T	32 X	■	33 L	34 G	35 N	36 W	■	37 W	■	38 Z	39 L	40 Q	41 H	42 D								
43 P	■	44 S	45 D	■	46 W	47 M	48 Y	■	49 X	50 A	■	51 X	52 D	53 Z	54 L	55 A								
56 N	57 E	■	58 L	59 W	60 S	61 D	62 O	63 G	64 T	65 E	66 P	■	67 H	68 T	■	69 A								
70 N	71 C	72 P	73 J	74 D	75 L	76 V	■	77 U	78 E	79 F	80 O	81 H	82 Y	83 A	■	84 S								
85 D	■	86 Z	87 J	■	88 A	89 Y	90 K	91 H	92 W	93 S	94 C	95 M	96 I	97 Q	■	98 U								
99 H	■	100 Y	101 H	102 I	103 T	■	104 U	105 A	106 H	107 R	108 D	■	109 K	110 Q	■	111 A								
112 O	113 F	114 Q	115 L	116 N	117 S	118 C	■	119 S	120 J	121 O	122 U	■	123 U	■	124 S	125 O								
126 T	127 K	128 F	129 J	130 Y	■	131 U	132 F	■	133 S	134 O	135 B	136 T	137 U	138 K	139 J	140 W								
■	141 U	142 F	■	143 R	144 D	145 K	146 Q	147 H	148 O	149 I	150 B	151 M	■	152 A	153 F	154 Y								
■	155 V	156 E	157 C	158 J	■	159 B	160 W	■	161 B	162 F	163 E	164 Y	165 M	■	166 X	167 E								
168 M	169 K	170 B	171 H	172 R	173 J	174 T	■	175 Z	176 C	177 E	■	178 N	179 W	180 M	181 F	■								
182 I	183 J	184 H	185 V	■	186 D	187 Y	188 J	189 Z	190 N	191 V	192 M	■	193 G	194 C	195 U	■								
196 N	197 J	198 X	199 I	■	200 J	201 S	202 C	203 M	204 I	205 Q	206 C	207 O	208 V	209 R	210 X	■								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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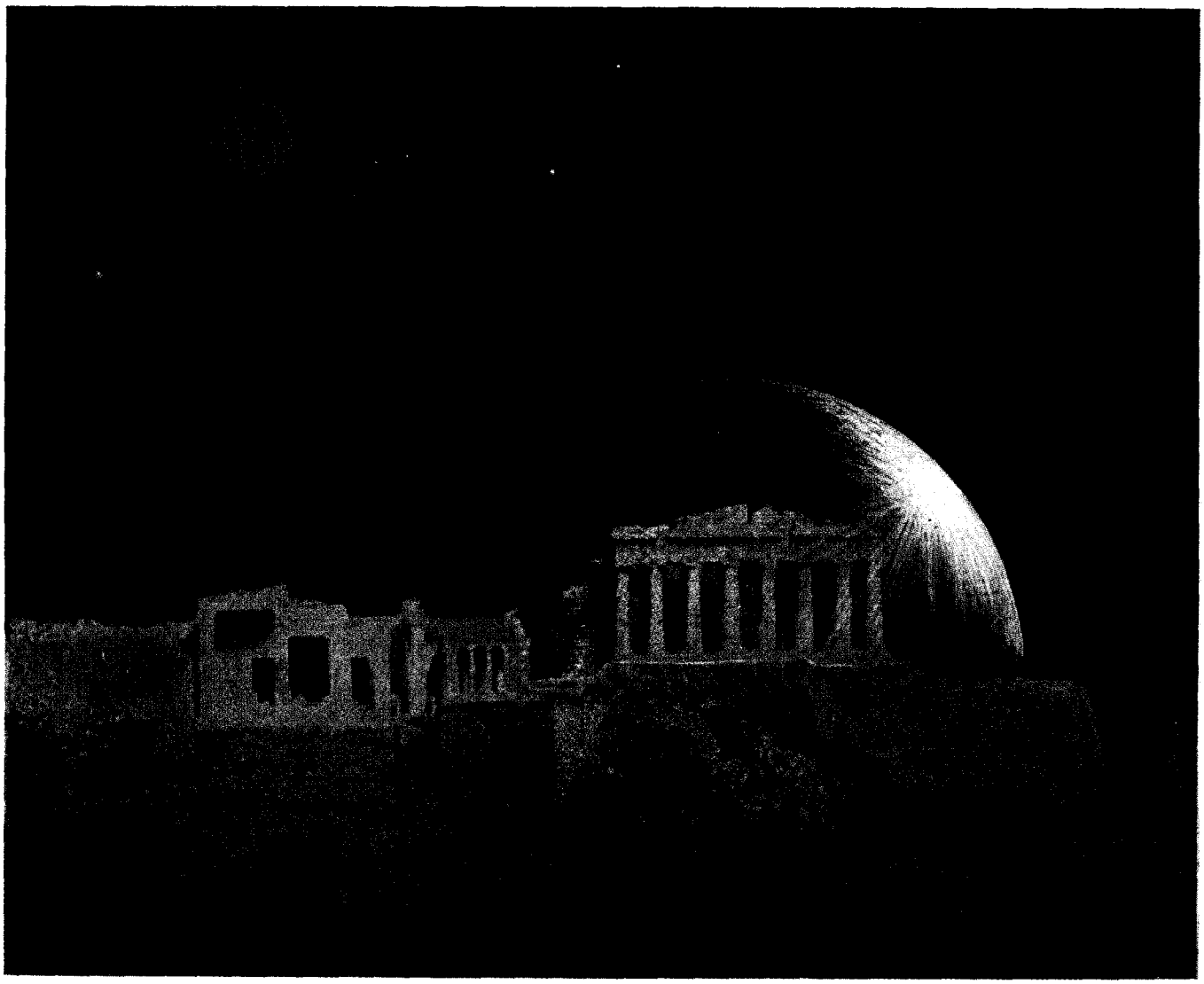
Will the Parthenon have to be put under glass?



It's been seriously proposed: a glass covering to protect this ancient landmark from the modern problem of air pollution.

In this country, Americans pump some 400,000 tons of smoke, gas and soot into the air every day. And at the rate it's increasing, each city dweller will soon have to gasp his way through his own personal *one ton per year* of airborne filth.

Fortunately, we're starting to catch up with the snafu of our air and water, and with the ear-splitting consequences of our high-decibel society.

Koppers electrostatic precipitators comb 95.5% of the air-soiling solids from industrial smoke. Koppers purification systems that make corruption-stricken water usable again are in wide use. And Koppers silencers hush such noisemakers as jet testing facilities, and that 165 mph gas turbine engine designed to pull a train along the Boston-Washington corridor.

Air, water, and noise pollution are social diseases. Koppers is determined to keep them from becoming epidemic.

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